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KATY BREEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The young Katy Breen
Was as sweet a colleen
As ever delighted the
heart of a man;
The blue of her eyes
Was like midsummer
skies,
And her lips wor as red
as the red monadhan;
Her smile was like sunshine whin sunshine
is fairest.
Her form was the grace-
fullest ivir was seen,
And whin the sun scat-
thers his goold on the
wathers
He copies the curls of
the young Katy
Breen.

At a party or ball
She was gim of the hall;
And whin she stood up
in a jig or a reel
To her feet ivirry eye
Of the company by
Was attharcted as lightning's attharcted by steel.
The fiddlers' hands would go faster and faster,
As her feet fell as fairies' feet fall on the green,
Mid the cries of the naybors: "There nivir be sabers,
Was danceer the aiqual of young Katy Breen."

But all goold has alloy,
And this colleen, though coy,
Had a heart like the willy-the-wisp for desait;
And in her own way,
I am sorry to say,
Was as full of her thricks as an egg's full of mait.
Wid the air of a saint she would lade on a lover
As she'd lade on a pig down a crooked boreen;
Till, whin his heart, tindher, was burnt to a cindher,
Wid its love, he'd be jilted by shly Katy Breen.

Och! 'tis many the hearts
That she dinged in thim parts,
And 'tis many the heads that wor broke for her sake;
And still she was free
As the wind on the sea,
Till one night she met Teddy Moran at a wake.
A glance from his roguish black eyes sent her blushin',
And while other admirers were burstin' wid spleen
Mr gallant young hayro, as bould as a Nayre,
Wid a joke put the *comether* on Katy Breen.

And thin—but the rest
May be aisily guess'd,
For the Devil's own tongue had this Teddy Moran—
He flatthered and praised,
And he wheedled and taized,
As he wint with her home through the meadows at dawn,
He vowed that he loved her sinsarely and thruly,
That widout her his life was not worth a *thraneen*,
And swore he'd die for her. The ind was, begorra!
He made an ould woman of young Katy Breen.

DAVID ROHTY.

GERONIMO,

OR THE FETTERS OF FATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CONSCIENCE FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

"But you must not allow your will to waver; you must stand as firm as a rock. Can I count on you just this once?"

"I'd do anything to save my neck."

"Well, then, pay attention. I told you the bailiff was to have all the cellars searched. If he finds the corpse in my cellar, we are lost irrevocably!"

"Undoubtedly, signor."

"On the other hand, if he finds it far away, in another place, who would suspect us of the murder?"

"Ah, you've hit it!" exclaimed Julio gleefully. "The body must be carried to a spot far from the Summer-residence; I will send Bernardo there this evening to assist you."

"What!—Bernardo? Are you mad, signor? Are you going to reveal the secret to him?"

"No; but I will order him, as he values his life, to obey you. Threaten him with your knife if he shows the least opposition. He won't oppose you—have no fear."

"Impossible, signor! Bernardo is a pious and honest man; he would surely betray us. I don't need his help; I might as well slip the noose over my head at once."

"Put an end to this resistance immediately!" cried Turchi, in a choked voice, and with sparkling eyes. "We have no choice. Let Bernardo assist you. Aha! I have it! When you have thrown Geronimo into the sewer, stab Bernardo to the heart and send him to join him."

"You are a fool, signor. You are out of your senses," exclaimed Julio, horrified at the contemplation of a new crime. "Won't the law recognize the servant, and turn its suspicions on the master? And what's more, have you forgotten there's a full moon at present? How could I carry the corpse through the streets without being discovered?"

Stung by the man's reply, humiliated by his disrespectful language, Turchi ground his teeth in silent rage, and lapsed into another train of reflections. The servant watched the workings of his master's clouded face, and had begun to grow restless with expectation, when Turchi addressed him anew, this time in a tone so grave and firm that he drew back, turned pale, and shuddered as if in direful dread of some terrible catastrophe.

"Julio," resumed Turchi, "we have one more chance—you must fly—leave the city, the country!"

"Leave the country?" Julio folded his arms, and, looking full at his master, continued with a sneer: "What new trap are you preparing for me?"

"You are too mistrustful!" pursued Turchi impatiently. "But do not interrupt me; we have no time to lose. Take an assumed name—Marco Castagno, for instance; fly to Germany; I will supply you with sufficient money. Set your mind at rest—you shall not want."

"How kind you are, master! And while I am gone you will accuse me of the murder, I suppose?"

"Yes. This is our only hope, Julio; but I shall not accuse you unless the body is discovered. Listen. Go to the cellar and throw a quantity of gravel over the grave—over the whole ground, in fact. Then fill the cellar with kindling-wood and empty casks from the old lumber-room. Should the bailiff's agents find the body in spite of all this, I will denounce you as the murderer, and your flight will give my accusation the semblance of truth. Should they not find it, you may return after a while. You will be handsomely rewarded, Julio. To begin with, I will give you two hundred crowns."

"Two hundred crowns!" echoed Julio, his face brightening up suddenly. "Two hundred crowns!" he repeated, forgetting the danger of his situation with this tempting bait thrown at him.

"Yes, that amount; and more, when you are far from here," said Turchi solemnly, though scarcely able to contain his joy at this sudden change in his servant.

And, acting in accordance with the adage, "Strike the iron while it's hot," Simone Turchi seized his now submissive servant by the arm and drew him towards the door.

"Come," he went on quickly, "my offices are closed for the day—follow me below and you shall have the money with full directions for your flight."

"Two hundred crowns, and more besides!" whispered Julio to himself, greedily, as they vanished through the door and descended the stairs.

CHAPTER IX.

Seven o'clock was striking at St. George's, and dusk had begun to settle on the earth, when Julio opened the little door in the wall of his master's Summer-residence, crossed the garden with a light step, and hastened towards the house. One hand was hidden beneath his cloak, as if he carried something there, and the other was thrust into his pocket, and played among the crowns which Turchi had given him.

"God be praised! I resisted the temptation," he soliloquized, his face brightening up with joy. "They tried hard to make me drink and play yonder; but the gold pieces down there reminded me of the duty I have to perform first. When that's over, comes the reward. What I have here under my cloak will repay me for the thirst I've suffered and the time I've lost. It's the best of Spanish wines, as dear as coined silver, and as strong as if made of liquid fire."

While wandering about a room in the residence, he drew two bottles from his doublet and one from his cloak, placed them side by side upon a table, and looked at them a moment with a strangely covetous expression.

"No, no, not now; by-and-bye! Let's set to work first," he grumbled. "No, your lovely smiles can't tempt now. Patience, my good fellows, we'll know each other shortly. It won't take long to fill up the grave and roll a few empty casks into the cellar. But it's too dark here; I can't see the Emperor's head on these coins. Let's light a lamp."

He took a flint and steel from the mantelpiece, and after many fruitless attempts, during which he gave vent to innumerable imprecations against his master, succeeded in lighting a large lamp, which immediately shed its bright rays over the whole apartment. Julio approached the table, and, diving his huge fist into his breeches-pocket, brought out a handful of shining crowns, which he spread out upon the table before him.

"Two hundred crowns!" he continued to himself, feasting his eyes on the gold. "What am I going do with all this? How can I spend so much? In drinking Malmsey, Muscatel, and all those wines that raise one's spirits and a sinking heart? But I'd run through the money in that way! Hadn't I better risk a few florins and crowns on the dice? Yes, yes, that would be the best way to get a hundred times richer some day, or lose every farthing. It's singular how miserly and timid wealth makes me; I don't feel the least desire to gamble now—and I won't! I'll live like a gentleman, in satin and silk; drink and eat the daintiest things to be found; live in luxury, as if the world was an earthly paradise to me. Ha! ha! What a fine life!"

While smilingly contemplating this promise of a bright future, a disagreeable thought seemed to flash suddenly through his mind, for he uttered a faint cry of distress, and struck his forehead with his hand, muttering:

"I'm a miserable wretch! While I'm here thinking of how I can spend, or rather squander my money, I seem to forget my poor mother, who may be living in want far off in Italy. What an ungrateful scamp I am! What a blessing a small part of this money might be to her! The Devil take me if I don't do some good for once in my life, though!"

He counted twenty crowns from the pile on the table, and slipped them into his breeches-pocket.

"Twenty crowns!" he resumed; "it's a terrible sum; but it may make my poor, blind mother happy. I've got an extra pocket in my doublet; I'll keep her share there."

His eyes were gloating over the gold again. His brow suddenly grew dark.

"How much smaller the pile seems already," he said with a sigh. "I thought my treasure was inexhaustible, and just one idea has robbed me of its twentieth part. Won't it go like this when I am in Germany? Won't dice and wine strip me of it in a few months? What then? Why, I'll sink into wretched poverty. Everything smiled at me a while ago, and now everything scowls. But why lament? Signor Turchi has promised to send me more money when this is gone. Perhaps the author of Geronimo's death won't be found out; then I can come back with an easy conscience. So, after all, I run no risk of starving, even if Signor Turchi should fail to toe the mark as he promises. But a great deal depends on how I do my duty here. I'll fulfill it faithfully. Bless me! the sight of this gold causes me no more pleasure! A good swallow of wine will be the best thing to begin with, after all!"

He uncorked one of the bottles and gulped down almost half its contents. Then, mumbling to himself on the strength and virtue of the liquor, he returned the gold pieces to his pocket, took up the lamp, and added, with an eye fixed on the half-empty bottle:

"Perhaps I may need the rest of your contents to give me strength in my disagreeable work; so come along, old boy, and keep me company."

He corked the bottle again and thrust it into his doublet, then passed through several apartments, and finally opened the door leading to the underground passage and descended. The passage to the cellar was sufficiently long to allow the warm Spanish wine to work its influence on Julio's brain. As he neared the cellar-door his spirits appeared to grow buoyant, and he even began to hum the first notes of a convivial song. But the words died on his lips, and he staggered back pale with fright. Another voice had answered his from behind the closed cellar-door. Shaking from head to foot, Julio stared at the door, while great beads of perspiration darted out on his forehead.

"Heaven!" he exclaimed with chattering teeth; "a voice! Geronimo's! He is alive!"

He recoiled still farther, then hesitated whether to retreat to the floor above or advance.

"No! no! I mustn't hesitate," he muttered, battling with himself. "If Geronimo is alive yet, it's his fault, not mine. He must be despatched!"

He drew his knife, and ran his finger along its keen edge. This contact with the cold steel made him tremble still more, and it was with a staggering gait that he proceeded towards the cellar-door, which he flung back on its creaking hinges after having unlocked it with a huge key. He swung his lamp high above his head so as to discover the victim he was to strike.

Geronimo knelt on the edge of the hole that had been dug for his grave. His pale, wasted face was clotted with blood; his wild eyes were sunken deep in their orbits; and, as his neck had been weakened by the cruel wound, his head hung powerless upon his shoulder. His clothes were besmeared and covered with dirt, which proved that, in his struggle against death, he had dragged himself with despair about the cellar in order to escape, if possible, that lugubrious tomb.

"Oh, whoever you are, for the love of God, a drop of water!" exclaimed Geronimo, in a feeble voice, but which ought to have touched a heart of stone.

Julio shook his head silently.

"Water! water!" continued the young man. "My bowels are on fire! Water! water! A single drop of water! Oh, save me from this frightful death!"

Moved by pity, and losing all consciousness, so to speak, of his situation, Julio jerked the bottle from his doublet, uncorked it, and handed it to the wounded man without a word. Geronimo gave a cry of joy, seized the bottle in his feverish hands and raised it to his quivering lips as if the generous liquor was to distill new life in his bosom. His long draughts seemed to strengthen him; for a soft smile appeared in his face, and his eyes burned with a new fire, when he let the bottle fall to the ground and raised his hands to Julio, crying:

"Thanks! thanks! May God bless you! But, O Julio! why did you push me into the arm-chair?"

Julio averted his head with shame.

"What is that knife I see in your hand?" pursued the sufferer. "Oh! you come to kill me!" half recoiling with dismay.

"Yes, I came to kill you, signor," said Julio, in a melancholy tone. "I came here to rob you of the last breath in your body; but don't imagine I will accomplish this fatal mission in cold blood; on the contrary, my heart quivers with pity."

"Ah! you are not merciless; you will have compassion on me!" entreated Geronimo, stretching out his arms to him.

"Impossible! Fate has us in its power; it has condemned you to death and me to damning cruelty. All prayers, all supplications, are useless; nothing can save your life. I beseech you, signor, don't make my task too difficult; submit to your lot with resignation."

Geronimo gave a piercing cry on hearing these cold words, which convinced him that all hope was lost.

"My God! can it be true?" he moaned. "Is this dismal dungeon to become my tomb? Oh, mercy! mercy!"

"Necessity is a pitiless law, signor," rejoined the servant, "and I can more than complain of its harshness. You, at least, will find the reward that awaits the innocent beyond the skies, while I will be eternally damned. No, no, signor, don't entertain any hope of life, for you are going to die; so prepare your soul for its last journey. I'll wait—I'll wait patiently—a quarter of an hour even."

With this Julio stood his lamp on the ground, returned his knife to its sheath, and retired to one corner of the vault, where he took a seat upon a heavy log. The young man, overwhelmed by Julio's icy language, had let his head sink completely on his bosom. He remained motionless for some time, as if he had accepted his unhappy lot with resignation. But he was soon seized again with the awful dread of death.

"It is impossible!" he exclaimed. "No, you won't kill me, Julio, my friend! See, I creep to you, implore you; let my agony touch your heart. Oh, for the salvation of your own soul, do not steep your hands in my blood!"

Crawling on his hands and knees, the wretched man dragged himself to Julio's feet; but the latter drew his knife again and made a threatening sign with his hand. Geronimo rose to his feet with a heart-rending cry and staggered back to the open grave, where he fell utterly exhausted, moaning and sobbing over his terrible destiny.

"Come, come, signor! calm yourself and be resigned to this decree of fate," muttered Julio. "When one has lived like you, in fear of God, death is but a passing to a better life. But make haste and have done with your final prayer; I can't wait any longer. You must die to-night, for Justice is going to visit this house and cellar to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Geronimo, transported by a sudden ray of hope.

"If I let you live, you would be found here," pursued Julio, "and my master and I would perish."

"Julio, O Julio!" interposed the young man beseechingly, "I will exculpate you. I will assert your innocence—reward you liberally. Oh, let me live!"

"Useless words, signor. The law punishes without mercy. My master would expose the part I took in the crime. And do you think the Judges would pardon me for having pushed you into the chair?"

"Save me, let me live, Julio, and should I have to kneel at the bailiff's feet—should I have to sue for your pardon before the Emperor himself—you shall be pronounced innocent; I swear you shall!"

"There is another reason why I dare not hesitate," said Julio bitterly. "I am an exile from Italy, sentenced to death. My master alone knows my true name. If I am unfaithful to him he will betray me to the men who have been seeking me for the past five years. So, if I spare you I must die; my master dies. And what a death! For him the executioner's axe; for me, torture on the rack, the gibbet! You can't blame me, signor; you see I'm compelled to put an end to you. Go on with your last prayer, and let me know when you are ready for the finishing stroke."

"To die so young, so innocent!" groaned Geronimo. "Never to see the sun again! O Maria, my love, how you will weep over me! Oh, my poor uncle! must such a horrible misfortune shorten the days left you yet on earth? Adieu! adieu!"

"Have you said good-bye to earth? Are you ready?" insisted Julio coldly.

"One moment more! one moment more!" entreated Geronimo. "Let me pray."

He clasped his hands and bowed his head in the attitude of fervent prayer. His whole frame shook with terror; his voice was choked, agitated, broken, harrowing, as though his entire soul were groaning in the struggle against the death that menaced him. Little by little, however, the prayer seemed to console him, for he became calmer and his voice grew more distinct, then died away in a faint whisper.

"Are you ready?" asked Julio once more, when the young man had become hushed.

No answer came; and the guilty servant, determined to have done with a scene that nigh made his own cowardly heart bleed, rose from the log and crept towards his motionless victim, with his knife grasped firmly in his uplifted hand. He bent over the prostrate man, and, nerving his arm for the fatal blow, swept the air with the glistening steel. But he did not strike his victim—the dagger fell from his grasp before it could consummate its work of destruction, and the dastard started back with amazement, while his eyes appeared to rivet themselves, as if fascinated, on an object Geronimo held in his hands, which he had suddenly raised high above his drooping head. It was the copper amulet always worn by Geronimo. Forgetting what he had just done, Julio seized the strange thing, held it close to his eyes, turned it over and over, and cried finally, as if stupefied:

"Heaven, the amulet! This in your hands? What does it mean, signor? Where did you get it?"

Geronimo was too agitated yet to give any reply. He strove to recover his breath, and made a desperate effort to shake off the deathly swoon he felt coming over him.

"Tell me—tell me—who gave you this amulet?" continued Julio excitedly.

"I got it in Africa, from a blind woman," stammered the young man in a voice almost unintelligible.

"In Africa—from a blind woman? What was her name?" questioned the servant, quivering with impatience.

"Mostajo—Teresa Mostajo."

"Teresa Mostajo!" exclaimed Julio to himself, turning pale. "And this is my mother's deliverer? You freed Teresa Mostajo from slavery, inhuman bondage, yonder in Africa? You freed her?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, Julio," replied Geronimo, in ecstasy over this sudden change in his jailer.

"She is my mother!"

"Your mother? Then you will spare my life for her sake, Julio? You will not kill the man whose name is blessed by your blind mother!"

A furious storm swelled Julio's breast. All the evil and good of his nature surged to the surface at once in raging strife. Before him supplicated one who had rescued his blind parent from the brutal hands of heathens. Julio was not capable of loving, yet he entertained for this unhappy parent one little spark of sympathy and compassion. To spare Geronimo meant death for him, unless an extraordinary concourse of events should ward off the powerful arm of the law. Was this to be expected? It meant death for his master also; but, after all, what cared he for that fiend in human form? Would Simone Turchi have had scruples in betraying him, if necessary for his salvation?

Julio felt that the ground was crumbling under his feet. But the good had conquered the evil, and the man, before a brute, deaf to conscience, was now an humble slave to its censorious voice.

"Signor," he said, in a broken tone, "my life is at stake; but I don't care for that now, since you saved my helpless, blind mother. Julio's heart is not made of stone, as you may imagine; he will rescue you."

Tears of joy ran down Geronimo's wan cheeks. He grasped the servant's trembling hand, and kissed it passionately.

"Julio," he said, "have faith in me. Through my influence the Emperor will pardon you. You shall pass the rest of your life in comfort; you will reform—become a good man. I will send for your mother; she will guide and keep you from further evil. Money you shall have; you shall never know want hereafter. Get me from this horrible place, and trust to me for the rest——" Here his voice failed him completely, and he sank back gasping with a stifled groan. "Bread, Julio, bread!" he said at length, endeavoring to raise his helpless head. "I am starving, Julio—bread—a morsel of bread, or I will die!"

"Yes, signor, you shall have it in a moment. But listen to me first. I cannot remain here when you are free once more. You might save me; but I don't dare risk it. Adieu! for I leave you across the threshold of this cellar, I will flee the city and country. I will write you about my movements, and you will send me money. I will trust you, signor."

Geronimo had not heard all this, for he had swooned. The servant bent over him to assure himself it was only a fainting-fit, then picked up his lamp with a deep sigh, passed into the underground passage, taking care to lock the cellar-door behind him, and hastened towards the steps leading to the story above, whispering to himself:

"Astonishing, astonishing! So this is the young merchant that took my mother's part at the peril of his life! No, he musn't die now. I will get the bread. Come, Julio; you have a heart, after all. You must be ready to fly, though. Signor Geronimo is a man of his word; he will keep you from want, perhaps save you, besides. Aha! my lord and master, Signor Turchi, in whose hands is the game now?"

On reaching the floor above, Julio passed through the dining-room into a narrow hall lined on each side with cupboards. He opened them all one by one without discovering the bread he was in quest of, or even a morsel of food of any kind.

"No bread, nothing!" he muttered, as he slammed each door to. "Oh, I forgot. I believe all this has turned my head. Why, a rat couldn't live in this house. I do believe it hasn't seen a bread-crumb since last Summer. Well, I'll have to go out for the loaf; I can't let the wretched man starve. I'll have a good chance to drop into the Crowned Swan and toss off a glass of wine—only one glass on the way! for, if I allowed drink to rob me of my senses, who knows what would happen? Ho! ho! I need have no fear; I'll be back in half an hour; by that time the young signor will have come to and be ready to eat."

He blew out his light, crossed the garden in the dark, passed through the little door in the wall, and hastened up the street.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CRABBE'S TALES.—Literary man at a party.—"Miss Jones, have you seen Crabbe's Tales?" Young lady, scornfully.—"I was not aware that crabs had tails." Literary young man, covered with confusion.—"I beg your pardon, ma'am, I should have said 'read Crabbe's Tales'." Young lady, angrily, scornfully.—"And I was not aware that red crabs had tails either." Exit young man.

TOM, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, Jim, I really forget now, but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

MISS MARIE WILLIAMS, of the Lydia Thompson Troupe.

For Sketch see "Amusement Annals."

DECLINED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Being pressed for cash the other day
My friends I tried to find;
They said they "didn't see their way,"
And quietly declined.

I tried to get some honest work
To occupy my mind—
You'd think I was a fighting Turk
The way they all declined.†

The girl I loved I asked to wed
(She was the most unkind);
A postal-card she sent, which read
"Your offer is declined."

At poetry I tried my hand—
How beautifully I rhymed!
I sent it to THE CLIPPER, and
They put it 'mongst declined.*

* This is not so.—ED. CLIP. H. T. M.

† Ditto.—ED. CLIP.

"TOLD IN HIS CELL."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

"Yes, sir, I am telling you the truth. As I shall meet my Maker face to face, I did not do the deed for which I am to die to-morrow, and they will find out the rights of the matter by-and-bye; but there is something else I want to tell you—it has laid heavily on my mind many and many a year, and when to-morrow is over you may give it to the world if you like; I shall be past all blame then.

"Years ago, when I was a young man, the love of travel and adventure carried me away up into the lumber region of the Wisconsin pine-woods. The freedom and novelty of the life suited me, and I became a lumberman—that is, I worked all Summer in the saw-mills, and in the Winter went farther up the country into the logging-camps, where we worked all Winter felling the huge trees that in Summer we turned into boards, lathe, shingles and such like.

"I married my wife there, and we lived in a little village near the head-waters of the Wisconsin River; all our neighbors and associates were of the same calling, and we led a free, happy life that seemed fair to last always. We had one daughter, Nannie, a blooming lass of sixteen, and it was the Summer that turned her sixteenth year that my story begins. We had an unusual press of work that season, and the company who owned the mills sent up a new man as director, or foreman, or something of that kind, to assist in the extra work, and a rare good worker he proved to be—Stevens by name, and a handsome fellow to look at, and mighty civil and agreeable he was, and won the confidence and respect of all about the place in a short time. He had always a civil word for me when we happened to meet in the mill, and after a time he made some excuse to drop in at our cottage for a little while of an evening, and he seemed sort of taken with our Nannie; but the girl was shy as a bird, and at first disappeared as soon as she could make her escape without being rude to our guest, but gradually her shyness wore off, and she would sit listening to his talk with shining eyes. He was a good talker, had traveled considerably, and in his quiet way he opened up to us a new world. We had lived in such loneliness so long a time that we had almost forgotten there was a world outside our pine-woods; and once, after a glowing description of some beautiful foreign lands, Nannie broke out impetuously:

"'Of all your journeys I like that best. Oh, if I could but see those places just once!' And he answered not unkindly:

"'Tut, tut, child, you are happier where you are.'

"By-and-bye the Summer was gone, and with the Fall came a heavy loss to me—my wife died. It was all over in a short week's time, and my empty house stared me in the face. I had to bear it as we all do, and I worked on as before, and then came the question, what was to become of Nannie while I was in camp all Winter? We talked it over, and she was brave and sensible about it.

"'I'll stay right here, father, and keep the house as mother did, and I shan't be lonesome, for I have thought of a grand way to pass the time. I'll fit up our sitting-room and have a little school; all the neighbors will send their children, for I have spoken to all of them.'

"So the matter was settled, and about the first of October I went with the rest into camp, and the Winter's work was fairly begun. Up to Christmas we heard from home once in a while, but then the heavy snows set in, and not one word did we hear till the supply-train came in late in April, having been detained by unusually severe weather. They brought the usual run of home news, but when I asked of Nannie I got only general answers, nothing very definite; but fearing nothing I suspected nothing, though I did think it a little queer. By-and-bye the Spring-floods came, the water courses were clear of ice, and the time had come for us to break up camp and float the logs down to the mills. We were all joyful at the prospect of soon seeing our families again, and we sat late talking over home matters. I had been out seeing to some final arrangements, and as I came back I stood a moment in the doorway looking back at the quiet beauty of the Spring night, and so I stood for a moment unobserved. It was only a moment, but long enough for me to hear them say: 'How shall we ever tell him that Nannie——'

"The speaker paused abruptly, seeing me, and tried to change the talk; but it was too late, I had heard. I went silently to my bunk, and my comrades soon followed, but I could not sleep. What was it they could not tell me about my Nannie? I lay and pondered the matter, and slowly one thing after another came to my mind, all bearing on this mystery—broken-off conversations I had scarcely noticed at the time, compassionate looks I had thought only friendly glances, and a sort of rude consideration they had shown to me, which I attributed to their respect for my superior scholarship—but now I saw it all dated from the time the Spring supply-train came in, and then I remembered the evasive answers I had received. They had all known this dreadful something and had kept it from me. Why? It could only be bad news, or I would have been told with the rest. When the slow morning came I could no longer bring myself to question the men, and force from them what they concealed from me. I waited about, hoping they would speak, but never a word said anyone, and so we went down the river with the rafts.

"It was a terrible journey for me. Consumed with awful anxiety, and stricken dumb with an unknown horror, I worked with the rest like a machine, because the work was to do, and it helped pass the heavy time. At last the mills were reached, and, worn and weary, we went up to the village to our homes. News of our coming had preceded us, and welcoming faces and voices were not wanting, but in the happy throng I did not see my Nannie. Never mind, I said, she is waiting for me at home; and hastily shaking hands with old friends, I pushed on to the cottage, almost forgetting the mystery that was tormenting me in the joy of my return. When I came in sight of the house my heart sank. There was no light in the window, no fire shining on the hearth. I pushed open the gate, and the hinges moved rustily, as though long unused, and the path was choked with weeds and grass. I tried the door and found it locked. I opened a window with some trouble and climbed in. The place was deserted. Dust on everything, and sodden ashes on the hearth. A gingham dress of Nannie's lay on a chair, but she was gone. I went stupidly out, and, stalking into a neighbor's kitchen, I demanded savagely:

"'Where's my Nannie? What is this you are all keeping from me? Tell me before I drag it from you by force?'

"They made me sit down, and they told me then—very gently, too, for all they were but rough and somewhat uncouth—all the awful truth. My Nannie was gone forever, where or how no one could say, but it was found one morning on a neighbor's steps, with these words:

"'Tell my father not to grieve for me—I am not worthy his true heart—but that I am gone in my shame and sorrow to foreign parts with the man I love. Do not seek me, you will never find me; but try to think of me as one dead, and may God forgive me. Nannie.'

"I read it over and over; no clue—yes, stop—'gone to foreign parts.' Who could tell her of foreign parts but one man—Stevens? I sprang madly up, vowing I would follow him to the end of the world, but I would have back my Nannie. They quieted me presently, and then told me I was mistaken. Mr. Stevens was not gone; he was still in the mill, and no one had made closer search for the missing girl, no one been more pained than he.

"'How long has she been gone?' I asked.

"Just after Christmas, they told me, and added gently that all possible search had been made—there was nothing more to do but wait. I settled down into apathy. I did my work mechanically, and all day long, and all night long, there ran an undercurrent in my thoughts in which John Stevens was somehow mixed up with the words of that fatal note: 'I am gone to foreign parts.'

"One evening along in July some time I was sitting on the edge of the woods below the mill, smoking and brooding as usual over my trouble, I was alone, of course. I had no heart for company of any kind, and everyone humored my whims. It was a very hot night, and not a breath of air to relieve the sultriness, and the sun was still some half hour high. I sat with my head in my hands, trying to make it out, when a sudden waft of cold air made me start and shiver, it was so icy cold. It came again, and I raised my head, thinking a storm was coming. Not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf moving, but in the edge of the woods, just where the deep shade began, and knee deep in the brake stood Nannie, beckoning to me. She looked pale and ill, and with a glad cry I rushed towards her; but she retreated as I advanced.

"'Nannie!' I called, 'Nannie, wait!' But still she retreated, beckoning me as she went. Suddenly the awful conviction thrilled me that it was not my girl I saw, but her spirit, and my blood froze in my veins as the waving hand beckoned more earnestly, and in spite of myself I went on and on and on, following 'it' down into the depths of the wood to a dreadful place known as the 'Black Hollow,' where a pool of sluggish water lay foul and fetid with slime and rotting vegetation. On the brink of this awful place 'it' paused, and a voice came like a sigh to my ears: 'Father, I am here,' and I was alone. I sank down in a shuddering fear, hiding my eyes till my slow senses came back to me, and I said aloud:

"'Why should I fear the fair spirit of my murdered child?' for murdered I now knew she had been, and that this lonely hollow could tell a fearful tale had it a tongue.

"While I stood looking idly about me, a last ray of light striking downward fell on a pile of leaves my foot had disturbed, and struck a gleam of light from something shining in the dark moss and leaves. I rummaged in the heap till I brought the 'something' to view. It was a sleeve-button, broken and bent, and stained darkly—with what? I dare not think. No one in our village ever wore such elegancies as gold sleeve-buttons—stay, one man did I knew; and, as if by magic John Stevens' handsome face came before me.

"The truth rushed on my mind like a torrent. John Stevens had ruined my Nannie in my absence, and, to save his own vile name from dishonor, had enticed my darling here with some plausible story and had murdered her, and her remains lay in that hideous pool. I felt sure of this, though my brain was bewildered with the awful horror of the deed, and I went quietly back, planning as I went, my vengeance stilled and my resolve finally taken. I would send for the proper authorities, have the Black Hollow dragged, and denounce the villain and bring him to punishment; but I knew I must be careful, for he was wary and suspicious, though by remaining in the settlement he evidently considered himself safe. I meant, however, to try my man just once, only for duty's sake; so the next day I managed to get near him, and I glanced at his wristbands. My heart almost stopped beating. A bone button fastened one sleeve, and a gold button the other. Then I forgot all my caution, and spoke to him in an undertone, looking him full in the face:

"'I was down at Black Hollow last night, and I found this,' holding out the button in my hand, and I saw his coward face go all white in an instant, and I added significantly: 'And it matches the one you wear, John Stevens, and you and I know what lies under that black water down there.'

"I saw his hand clench, and he made as if he would strike me, but controlled himself, and only said sneeringly:

"'You are drunk, Gray. Go home and go to bed—it's your watch to-night.'

"We kept a watch every night, for it was a dry season and we feared fire. I felt sure he would not leave the place, so I went home, and, worn out as I was, slept soundly. When I awoke it was time for me to go on my post. The mill was below the village, and on the other side of the river, and it was very pleasant and quiet when I went up the narrow stairs after my first round, and sat down on a huge log that had been drawn up the slide and laid ready on the truck for the next day's work. We ran the mill by water or steam power, just as we pleased, and a deal of lumber we turned out in a day, for we had four circular saws and a gang saw, which is a combination of long straight saws clamped together top and bottom, set in the centre of the building, and cutting a log into six, eight or ten boards at once, according to the number of saws fastened together. Its power is tremendous, and I had often watched the gleaming teeth cut through the great logs like cheese, and felt an awful fascination in the sight. Once the boards were sawed they were trundled over an arrangement of rollers and continuous chains out of the building into the river below, where other workmen laid them in courses and built them into rafts.

"Well, I sat a long time on the end of this log, looking out into the soft night and wishing the moon would rise, for my lantern gave but a poor light. It was well on to midnight and very dark, for a heavy storm was brewing, when I heard a stealthy footfall and a light, dropping sound like soft earth sifting down. I shut off my lantern's light in an instant, and sat listening for a repetition of the sound, when I caught a staggering blow on the side of my head that knocked me off the log almost senseless. I had wrapped my head in a thick woollen comforter as a protection against mosquitoes, and it saved my life, for otherwise the blow had crushed my skull. When I recovered my senses I found a man kneeling over me, binding me hand and foot and muttering to himself:

"'You know too much to live, my friend. So you know what's at the bottom of Black Hollow, do you? And you'll have it dragged, will you? Well, I'll take good care you don't. I'll send you after your mewling, white-faced daughter, for dead men tell no tales.

"I knew then who was my assailant, and I lay still waiting to hear more. Presently he let go of me, and fumbled behind him, muttering:

"'Where the devil is that other rope?'

"All in the same instant I found that my right arm was but partially bound, and I could slip it from the rope. Very carefully I drew it out, while he searched for the rope, swearing under his breath, and I carefully raised my feet, which were but loosely tied; and as he bent over me again I planted a powerful kick full in his breast, which, taking him off his guard, felled him to the floor, and I had striking the back of my head with a hard thud. Then the Devil took possession of me body and soul—for no human being could have done what I did then. I bound him securely hand and foot, and waited patiently till he came to his senses. Then I spoke slowly and clearly, that he might understand every word:

"'John Stevens, you murdered my daughter, and you came here to murder me; but now it's my turn. Can you guess what I am going to do? No? Well, I'll tell you. I mean to tie you on the log, set the mill going, and send your handsome face and your black heart through the gang-saw; and when that has done with you, and you have been down the river through the rapids at Big Bull, I fancy even your mother wouldn't know her handsome son.'

"He moaned and struggled as I lifted him to his death-bed, and managed to mutter 'Mercy.' But I answered relentlessly:

"'What mercy had you for the young life you crushed?' and kept on in my hideous work.

"Having adjusted all the necessary machinery, I stopped at the head of the stairs to look back at him as he lay helpless. Just then the moon came out, and a ray fell on his white face, and I saw his awful eyes turned to me in his agony. I went down quietly, lifted the water-gate, listened to the reeling fall of the water, then, with a quick and strong, watched one hand after another take up the motion till the whole mill was in full swing. I waited till I heard the saw bite into the wood, and then I ran for my life, not daring to look back lest the boards with their awful stains should come plunging after me. Finally I stopped exhausted and lay motionless for a time. When I raised my head there was a strange, dull glow in the sky. I knew what it was. The mill was on fire. Some spark from the overturned lantern, or some friction of the unwatched machinery, had set a light to the piles of combustible matter, and the scene of my crime was being purified by fire.

"I fled the country, shipped as common sailor, and roamed over land and sea, trying to get away from those haunting eyes. I cannot do it; they follow me everywhere, they drove me from the house into the street the night this murder was done. I came upon the dead man with the knife in his back, and I drew it out, and the police came on me with it in my hands. Those dreadful eyes were staring at me, and in my wild, dazed state, what wonder they thought me the murderer?

"That is all, sir. You see my sentence is only just, for 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord, 'I will repay.' You will shake hands with me, sir—for the last time? Thank you kindly, sir. Good-night."

RETORTS OF MANICS.—There are many instances on record where the keen wit of maniacs has discomfited sane friends. Your true maniac may lack sound sense, but he rarely wants in versatile wit. "What brought you here?" asked a pert visitor. "What will never bring you—too much brain." Well, this causes one third the cases of the largest asylum in America. Many inmates possess culture and talent to an eminent degree. Some of the most gifted men have spent a large slice of their blasted lives within the gates of despair. A distinguished professor thought to puzzle a maniac by the query: "How long, my good fellow, can a man live without brains?" The patien at once replied: "I don't know, doctor. How old are you?" A Mr. Manu, startled at meeting a lunatic armed with a club, tried to soothe him by the pun: "I am a double man: one by both nature and name." The other rejoined: "Do tell! Why, I am a man beside myself. We two fight you two." Clubs won. A young lady who devoted herself to her artist brother, whose mind was a little unhinged, once narrowly escaped falling a victim to one of his whims. One day he showed her a carving knife, with the cheerful remark: "Mabel, my dear, an odd idea occurs to me. I must paint the head of John the Baptist. Yours is an excellent study. So, if convenient, I will cut off your head. Lay it gently in my lap. My razor is exceedingly sharp. It will scarcely hurt you. Now, then, Mabel, you are bound for heaven, sweet!" His face showed no sign of jest. The lady felt her story was in chapter the last. He grasped her hair. "Well, Harry," said she, "that's a good idea. But why spoil my new face? Let me go upstairs and change, won't you, dear?" He sullenly nodded, and she escaped. John the Baptist adjourned.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

UMPIRE, Kingston.—The seventh inning having been concluded by 5 P. M. on a clear day, there was certainly time enough to have played another inning, if not more. At any rate, the umpire was the sole judge in that respect, and as he decided there was light enough for fair play, the St. Lawrence had no legal right to refuse to play, and by their so doing they forfeited the game by 9 to 0. In the case of the play at home-base, if the catcher was seen to plainly hold the ball before he touched the runner in running in to home-base, the fact of the ball's being knocked out of his hand by the collision does not vitiate the out. The runner is out.

S. McC., San Francisco.—Our answer was that we had seen a man pay duty, while in a railroad train near St. Albans, Vt., on clothing purchased by him in Montreal, and worn by him at the time he was arrested by the customs-official. The duty amounted to almost as much as the suit of clothes cost. That gentleman is residing in Martinsburg now, as he was then. Another occasion we were invited to pay duty on a fur cap that was warming our ears, but—we didn't pay. On the other hand, we have seen whole suits upon peasants' backs, and bagsful of clothing pass through without question.

A SINGLE-SCULLER, New Orleans.—1. The matter can be decisively settled only by a race to be won in the quickest time. The time test cannot be implicitly relied upon, because of difference in conditions of weather and water. Morris is reported to have rowed the distance in about the same time as you give. 2. Yes; he is a draw. 2. A good left-handed pitcher is more troublesome to opposing batsmen than one who uses his right hand.

STARBUCK.—1. Billy Madden fought Jim Taylor 55 rounds, 1 hour 10 minutes, near Folleston, York, Oct. 18, 1876. The police broke in the ring, arresting all parties, and the battle was not renewed. Previous to this time Madden had appeared as principal in one or two turns-up out West, and was engaged in several others. 2. Thos. J. Joseph Laboiere has no "ring" record. He was the opponent of Prof. Miller in a glove match at Montreal, Can., Jan. 4, 1877, Miller winning in 2 rounds. 3. Mrs. Minnie Palmer was born in Ireland in 1842, stands 5ft. 3¾in. in height, and weighs about 140lb. His career as a member of the P. K. is as follows: Defeated Joseph Green, Eagle Hook and Ladder, for 1 mile dash; beat Larrison (£10), Jack Connelly (£2), and Young Dutch Sam, before leaving England; beat Jim Turner, 96st, 48 rounds, 1h. 2m., near Philadelphia, Pa., May 1, 1865, and Jim Williams, 126st., 42 rounds, 49min., in July, 1865, also near Philadelphia.

MELVILLE, Cedar Rapids.—1. The three aces win. 2. You can get it through Ed. James (price 60 cts.), whose card see. 3. That is a matter of opinion, and "opinions differ." You mean Nilsson, not Neilson, the latter being an actress. The former was in Paris on Oct. 18, en route for St. Petersburg. They are traveling. Watch our amusement columns weekly. 5. The last we heard of him he was traveling in the interest of a musical-instrument house, and was located in the West.

FAIRFIELD TIMES, St. Louis.—Ten Broeck's 1 39¾ is the fastest mile on record. Horses are not run primarily for speed in England, and official time is never taken there. Consequently, the English horses have no time record. Private watches have made horses in England run a mile in a minute, according to old English magazines.

W. F. N.—1. Ask a policeman. 2. Ask a jail guard. 3. What the trump is, at any time. The other questions he has no right to ask; but he can bring about the same result as a direct answer to each of them by calling "Draw for his card"—that is, every player touch the one he himself has played.

MISS J. A.—There is probably a hall there occasionally occupied by amateur and other traveling companies, but we do not think that there is any other place of amusement there, unless it is some show organized by local amateurs.

OLYMPIC PETITE, Auburn.—It depends upon the length of time he has had the store before election. Again, he could secure a thousand stores in a thousand different places, and still be a voter in Wayne County, where he has no store.

J. D. L., Butler.—1. See our turf columns for Goldsmith Maid. It is there stated that she trotted against Dexter in Middletown. She was not then known as Goldsmith Maid, however.

W. F. E., Albany.—The late Julia Dean Hayne never made Imogen in "Cymbeline" a prominent character in her repertory; still she may have acted it; but we can find no record, after considerable research.

J. M. P., Lafayette City.—"Freeze-out" is wholly a game of agreement as to "freezing." There is no fixed rule. Were we A, we should object to putting up a check against B's note.

HARLEM.—The flush won, if it was understood that flushes were to be played. The regular hands at poker are high card, one pair, two pair, three of a kind, full hand, and four of a kind.

L. E., Toronto.—You were "Chicagoed." Their tricks counted before your honors. Had you been eight, your honors would have counted before their tricks, if called in time.

BILLIE WING, Indianapolis.—In the absence of any propelling power, only the direction in which the bow of a boat steering with the current points can be altered by the action of the rudder.

FRANCIS PIET, Guiley, who fought Pearce and Bob Gregson (the latter twice), was elected to the British Parliament to represent Pontefract in December, 1832. He died March 9, 1853, aged 81.

LOW, Cairo.—Miss Jennie Lee and company are playing "Jo" through the British provinces. A letter addressed in care of *The Era*, 49 Wellington street, Strand, London, will reach her.

X. Y., St. Joe.—The eldest hand of those tieing. If there are bet two players, the non dealer, being the eldest hand, counts for game.

R. S., Garnerville.—State laws are subject to change, and we keep no record of them. All we can say is that a voter there must be worth a given sum.

DICK, Vineland.—We stand content, and call it a tie. He has the privilege of throwing three times, but need throw but once if doing the latter pleases him.

R. A. M., Milford.—It is the same person—he was in the ministry many years ago.

C. T. LESLIE.—1. Heenan and Sayers fought April 17, 1860. 2. Wm. Heenan, Oct. 30, 1858.

C. COLRAE.—John Morrissey was born at Templemore, County Tipperary, Ireland.

J. G. H.—The action was proper, if the meeting was a regular and not a special one.

P. P., Philadelphia.—Provided a liberal quantity of rock-salt to cold water, and, after it has dissolved, bathe feet in it.

L. C. D., Terre Haute.—1. No. 2. About three years. He is.

B. A. R., Mobile.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will quickest reach him.

J. F.—Walter Montgomery committed suicide in London, Eng., Sept. 4, 1871.

J. H., Hoboken.—1. Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought Feb 7, 1849. 2. The old Park Theatre, this city, was last burned on Dec. 16, 1848.

A. W. S., Bloomington.—*The Era* office is at 49 Wellington street, Strand, and *The London Field* at 346 Strand, London, Eng.

BERRAMATTA, Boston.—1. This city is patroled by firemen. 2. There is a law against the carrying of concealed weapons in this State. The pistol is not covered by it.

S. H. G., Albert Lea.—Such items will be thankfully received by this paper give dates of performances also routes ahead, if possible.

B. A. R., Mobile.—1. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will quickest reach him. 2. Your best plan would be to advertise the play.

PATSEY, Wichita.—1. His first wife was Miss Lockyer, who died in this city Feb. 25, 1861. His second wife, Miss Warren of Chicago, is living.

INQUIRER.—The Astor-place riots took place May 7, 10, 1849, the most serious on the last-named date. 2. Send for it.

H., Willimantic.—No. The Park Theatre is on the right-hand side of Broadway as you go up town, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets.

G. D. F., Madison.—1. It will depend entirely upon your aptitude for learning. 2 It is better. 3. We shall ventilate it next week, probably.

W. R. HOFFMAN, Jersey City.—1. Heenan and Morrissey fought on Oct. 20, 1858, at Long Point, Canada. 2. Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860.

J. T., Augusta.—Your letter, forgotten, to classify your items under appropriate headings, upon separate sheets of paper. Until that is done we cannot decide.

F. B. W., Winnipeg.—Four aces and a king cannot be beaten in the regular game of poker.

J. A. S., Chillicothe.—1. From $2 to $50. 2. See our advertising columns.

L. H., Chicago.—It was too late for D to shuffle the cards.

W. M. T., Toronto.—Leland is abroad, we think; but Hay should be in this country.

CAN DOIN, Pueblo.—Address Scott Bros., Fulton street and Broadway, this city, for their catalogue.

J. C. R., London.—1. 2 27½. 2. No record. 3. It is useless to speculate about such a matter.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—Out for deal, the game being to determine a tie.

F. P., Chicago.—The first steamer to cross the Atlantic was the Savannah in 18 9. She went from here to Liverpool.

F. J. G.—The player must have a fresh card. He cannot take the one exposed.

J. H.—It depends entirely upon their skill and reputation. From $50 per week upwards. 2. From $40 to $100.

J. M., Elmira.—In 5 lines, 75 cents for each insertion; display, as per rates, 5 lines to an inch, $3.

H. E.—See files of THE CLIPPER. The dates of all have recently been published.

W. S., Cleveland.—We have advertised your letter for him.

D. J. D., Hutton.—There is only one Conly in the directory, and he is a lawyer.

J. W. D., Boston.—You can obtain the work on chequers of Ed. James, as per his advertisement.

A. H., Cambridgeport.—The Stadt Theatre in this city has been closed for a long time.

CONSTANT READER, Troy.—When we last heard from him, Dave Carson was in Calcutta.

H. B., Detroit.—The song you refer to will have an early appearance. 2. The poem is declined.

SIGNOR, Oil City.—Thank you for the offer, which is respectfully declined.

MCVANN.—He was born in November, 1833, and consequently is 44 years of age.

D. H., Waterbury.—It is the same person—he was in the ministry many years ago.

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B. A. R., Mobile.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will quickest reach him.

J. F.—She sings character songs with effect in her costume. A rapid change of dress after each song. Similar performers command about $50 per week.

P. P. ARMSTRONG, N. Y.—R. McIntosh, 59 West st., this city, can supply you with the instrument and information.

J. K. A., Paterson.—Apply to H. Sontag. 9 and 11 Park place; Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway; or W. A. Pond, 547 Broadway, this city. No answers by mail.

J. S. M., Hoosicken.—1. Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought Feb 7, 1849. 2

COLLEGE FOOTBALL MATCHES.

On Saturday, Nov. 3, fifteens representing Harvard and Princeton Universities engaged in a game of football on the St. George Cricket Club ground, at Hoboken, N. J., and, as in the case of nearly all trials of prowess in which collegians meet, there was a goodly delegation of the fair sex among the crowd of spectators who gathered upon the rain-soaked, soggy grounds, despite the biting wind which swept across the field from northward. The sides were as follow: *Princeton*—L. Cushing (captain), Thayer, Littleton, Perry, Holmes, Swift, H. W. Cushing, Austin, Blanchard, Harrington, Houston, Holden, Lumbard, Bacon and Wetherby. *Princeton*—Dodge (captain), Cutts, Bradford, Ballard, Miner, Stevenson, Clark, Devereaux, Jones, Lee, Enos, Wiley, Irving, McNair and Van Dyke. In the first three-quarters of an hour only one "touch-down" was obtained, and that by Harvard, near the expiration of time. After fifteen minutes' rest they went to work again, and in the next forty-five minutes Butts secured a touch-down, and kicked the ball all over the Harvard's crossbar, gaining a "goal" for the Jerseymen. This was the last point made, victory being awarded the Princetons, as a goal equals four touch-downs. Referee, T. H. Hoeside..... On the same day teams belonging to Yale and Tufts Colleges, eleven men each, were opposed to each other at New Haven, Ct. Two innings of forty-five minutes each were played, both being sharply contested. Ten seconds before the close of time in the first inning the Yaleites obtained a goal, and in the second inning they got a touch-down, but in the "try" at goal failed. The players were: *Yale*—Brown, Clark, Downer, Harding, Lamb, Wurts, Brown, Hutchings, Baker, Thompson and Wakeman. *Tufts*—Towers, Manfield, W. W. Campbell, S. C. Campbell, Donovan, Perry, Wells, Fuller, Cushman, Fales and Hall. Umpires: W. C. Camp for Yale, Prof. P. Putnam for Tufts. Referee, W. S. Whiting..... On Monday at Iserwood, Nov. 5, Harvard and Columbia, fifteen men each, met at Hoboken, the former winning easily, gaining ten touch-downs and making six goals to "nix" for their opponents in two innings of forty-five minutes each.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.—The closing games of this organization will be held to-day, Tuesday, Nov. 6, on the club grounds at Mott Haven. The regular programme embraces a 100-yards run with forty-three starters; one-fifth-of-a-mile hurdle-race, fifteen entries; quarter-mile run, twenty-four entries; two-mile walk, fifteen entries; half-mile run, twenty-six entries; one-mile walk, fifteen entries; a half-mile steeplechase, sixteen entries; tug of war, thirty men on each team; and a goal at football. In addition to this promising array of interesting handicaps, F. H. Armstrong Jr., of the Harlem A. C. will attempt, for a gold medal, the feat of walking seven and three-quarter miles inside the hour; and if he has sufficient time to spare after doing this, he will continue on, and endeavor to walk eight miles in the sixty minutes. Messrs. Ing and McNicol will also make another attempt to decide the championship at pole-jumping, they having tied on two previous occasions. The games will be called on Harlem Railroad time, and will commence at one o'clock P. M. Trains leave Grand Central Depot at 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, and 3.30 P. M.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Continued from page 263.

WELCH & HUGHES' MINSTRELS are billed to show in Newark, N. J., Nov. 8, 9.

BURNT-CORK ATOMS.—Caldwell, baritone, has been added to Bryant's Minstrels..... The Sable Minstrels of West Orrington, Ky., performed at the Town Hall, there, on Oct. 31..... Harry Eytinge the actor, whose recent theatrical speculation in Dayton, O., was a losing throughout, has organized a minstrel band, which on Oct. 30 appeared at Music Hall, that city. It is said that fifteen out of the twenty comprising this troupe had never before appeared on any stage..... Harry Bloodgood's Minstrels, who are travelling behind teams, in "the good old way," appeared at Music Hall, Springfield, Mass., Nov. 1..... Carncross of Phillipsburg was in town last week..... Little Mac in "The Happy Family" captured the people at the Orphans' Benefit on Nov. 1, at the Academy of Music..... The many friends of J. B. Donniker will be pained to hear that he is being overworked. In addition to his secular labors at the London, this city, he is giving a musical concert there every Sunday night..... A young man named Bush has endeavored in vain to satisfy the hotel-keepers and others in Winona, Minn., that he is the advance-agent of Harry Robinson's Minstrels, his name is against him—"Good wine needs no Bush."..... This dispatch has been forwarded to San Francisco: "New York, Oct. 28.—Francis Robinson of Emerson's Minstrels killed himself to day." The deceased was a woman, and her death is mentioned in our variety department..... Happy Cal Wagner was at Philharmonic Hall, Winona, Minn., on Oct. 29, with his nineteen followers, among whom we observe James Garatagus.

CIRCUSES.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS reorganized in St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 27. C. H. Scott Jr., affiliations, writes from Mobile, on Oct. 31 that "new baggage-wagons were made here, a new band-chariot came from Cincinnati, new tents were furnished from a Boston firm, and from Montgomery Queen's Show Signor Sebastian and son, Wooda Cook, Mlle. Constance and Wm. Ward, ringmaster and equestrian director, have been engaged. The officers are Hyatt Frost, manager; O. J. Ferguson, treasurer; A. S. Burt, general agent. Route: Sullivan, Mo., Nov. 1, Cuba 2, Rolla 3, Waynesville 5, Richland 6, Lebanon 7, Buffalo 8, Bolivar 9, Springfield 10, Mount Vernon 12, Pierce City 13, Neosha 14, Pineville 15, Bentonville, Ark., 16, Fayetteville 17, Fort Smith 19, thence through the Indian Nation to New Mexico.

CIRCUS AND SIDESHOW PROPERTY, tents, paintings, printing, an organ, etc., are offered for sale, or they can be leased on a percentage of William J. Metchear, whose address find in another department.

LICENSE.—A correspondent writing from Alexandria, Va., informs us that the circus license has been reduced to $100 per day from $100 each performance. Five per cent. of the gross receipts is still added.

G. B. BUNNELL, proprietor of the new American Museum, this city, advertises for giants and performing or musical dwarfs.

THE MEMBERS of the Equestrian Benevolent Association are notified that the first meeting of the season will be held at the Sturtevant House, this city, Nov. 11. They are referred to the card of the president, James Cooke.

JOHN WILLIAMS, lion performer, who has been in the circus business many years, died of consumption in Scranton, Miss., Oct. 31.

PETE VALENTINE, a tuba-player, for many years engaged with circus and negro minstrel companies, died in Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 28, and was buried the following day.

BARNUM'S BIG SHOW opened at the corner of Broad and Federal streets, Philadelphia, on the evening of Oct. 31, to a large attendance, despite the inclement weather, which prevented the afternoon performance. On the following day the usual two performances were given, the weather being fine and the attennance large. The menagerie tent was badly damaged by the wind, and the grounds were flooded by the storm on Nov. 2; consequently the season came to an abrupt close that day, the animals in the menagerie being taken to the Zoological Garden in Central Park, New York, where they will go into Winter quarters, and the wagons and equipage to Jersey City, for repairs and storage.

PETE CONKLIN the clown has returned to Philadelphia, and on Nov. 1 reopened his saloon in that city, opposite Enochs' Varieties.

SAWDUST SPRINKLINGS.—Frank Hoffer, an employe of Robinson's Circus, fell from a cage he was driving on the 24th ult., and died within fifteen minutes—of heart disease, the doctors think. He was buried at Hollow Rock, Tenn..... It is thought that he has relatives in that vicinity..... Dr. Spalding has quit the show business, for a time at least, and is bestowing his personal attention upon agriculture and live stock..... Miss Maud Oswald is riding twenty-mile races for one-hundred-dollar purses on the driving-parks of Minneota..... The Sheriff has been stretching out his hand after Montgomery Queen's Circus in the Southwest, but did not quite reach it..... Major Stowe, Barnum's advance adviser, and Col. Fred Lawrence, his special press-agent, are both journalists of experience..... Van Arden, brother-in-law of Dr. Spalding, died in or near Albany, N. Y., a few weeks ago. He was a college-graduate, and upon finishing his education he gravitated into the show business. As a circus-agent and press-writer for circuses he occupied a foremost position for many years. His most ambitious venture was the attempt to establish a permanent American circus in Paris, France. He had a building constructed for it in advance, but he failed to obtain the government's sanction for his project. The unused building was subsequently stored for a long time in this city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW ORLEANS UNIVERSITY SINGERS will give a concert at Association Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 12.

EVERETT'S spiritualistic entertainment shows at Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 6, 7, Lancaster 8, 9, 10, Reading 12, 13, 14, Portland, Me., 19, one week. His automaton figure Acus is one of the attractions of the exhibition.

AN ADVANCE-AGENT desires an engagement. See J. C. Covert's card.

A YOUNG MAN with capital is wanted by W. P., to act as treasurer for a minstrel party. See card.

A PARTNER who can invest some capital in a show enterprise is advertised for by Manager F.

SIGNOR BOSCO, wizard, performed in Waterford, N. Y., Nov. 1, 2, 3, and will be in Ballston 5, 6, 7.

A GYMNASTIC TRAINING-SCHOOL has been opened at 20 East Seventh street, this city, where instruction can be obtained in all branches of the gymnastic and acrobatic sciences, either for the stage or for home amusement. Curry & Hall, who are the managers, open in their specialty at the Theatre Comique, this city, Nov. 26. Their card in another column gives particulars in regard to their school.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY have returned to Philadelphia, and will appear in a concert at Association Hall, Nov. 7.

COL. J. P. SANFORD is to lecture in Wooster, O., Nov. 6, and in Lancaster, Pa., 15.

A PANORAMA of a trip across the continent and the Centennial is advertised for sale.

SIGNOR BOSCO, wizard, is to commence his sixth annual season in Renovo, Pa., Nov. 6, continuing there 7, 8, thence to Lockhaven 9, 10, 12, Williamsport 13, 14, 15. C. Fox continues his agent.

LILIPUTIAN PERFORMERS, especially those mentioned in the card elsewhere, are requested by Hamilton Bros. to communicate with them for engagements. They are now organizing a company at Philadelphia, Pa., which is to take the road Nov. 26.

W. J. BETTS publishes a list of CLIPPERS which he has for sale at his advertised address.

THE NEW HARMON OPERA-HOUSE, Corry, Pa., will be opened Nov. 14, and is announced as being furnished with complete stage equipments, fire-proof scenery, gas, etc. Terms and dates can be secured of Harmon, Gibbs & Co., who advertise.

THE HESS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE opens at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 19.

GEN. TOM THUMB and wife, Minnie Warren and Major Newell, under management of Sylvester Bleecker, gave two performances daily at Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 2, 3. They show in Litchfield, Ill., Nov. 5, Decatur 6, Pana 7, Paris 8, Indianapolis, Ind., 9, 10.

PROF. G. B. CROMWELL gave a series of illustrated lectures at the Fifth-avenue Lyceum, Pittsburg, Pa., the past week. The entertainments are given under the management of W. C. Smythe, and the attendance averaged fair.

AIMEE and her opera-bouffe company will play a two weeks' engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, opening Nov. 5 in "La Jolie Parfumeuse."

ZERA opened to a packed house at the Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., on Oct. 29, and business continued good all the week.

THE FALL EXHIBITION of the Pittsburg Artists' Association will open at the Library Hall Art Gallery Nov. 5, and continue until 10.

STUART ROGERS, character monologue performer, had a moderate house in Troy, N. Y., Oct. 30.

A STEREOPTICON and views are offered for sale by C. L. Y., who advertises.

A MUSEUM, consisting of stuffed birds, animals, reptiles, wax figures, etc., is offered for sale by Chadwick, who advertises.

Miss LIZZIE MACARTNEY gave a concert at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, Oct. 31.

J. F. HENISLER, billposter, Augusta, Ga., inserts his card in another column. He is recommended by several agents.

ALF BURNETT, the versatile and clever humorist, in his lectures, sketches, etc., in which he is assisted by Miss Helen Nash, will be open for engagements after Dec. 3. Applications for dates can be made to J. Jay Watson, as per card.

CARENEUVE, magician, is to perform this week in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre.

MME. CAMILLA URSO and her concert troupe gave an entertainment at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Oct. 29, the attendance being good.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Philadelphia, Nov. 1 was set apart for "Colored People's Day," with the result of an attendance of about a thousand persons. On Nov. 3 a benefit was tendered the Exhibition Company by the employes, the attendance then numbering nearly four thousand. The Board of Managers lately received an application, signed by a number of prominent gentlemen, urging the closing of the building on Sunday. They, however, at their meeting Nov. 1 declined to close on Sundays, stating that as thousands never enter the churches they believe the exhibition will benefit them if they attend it.

THE FIRST-REGIMENT BAND, under the direction of Carl Sentz, gave their inaugural matinee concert at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 2.

THE HON. D. W. VOORHEES was to have lectured at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Nov. 1, but was unavoidably detained by legal business.

MISS BERTHA VON HILLERN will attempt to walk a hundred miles in twenty-eight consecutive hours at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, commencing Nov. 12.

A CAT-SHOW will be held at the Museum, Philadelphia, commencing Nov. 18, and a dog-show will be held at Horticultural Hall, in the same city, commencing Nov. 25.

PROF. QUEEN'S COMBINATION will be at East Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 8, and Annisguam 9.

A. A. WILDER, advance-agent, announces that he will be at liberty after Nov. 7. See card.

"THE VOYAGE TO ROME," announced to open at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Oct. 29, has not yet arrived.

CALCIUM LIGHTS are advertised for sale by Wm. T. Harmar.

THE ELKS.—Phil'a'delphia Lodge B. P. O. of Elks, No. 2, at their regular communication Nov. 4, elected and installed the following officers: E. R. and R. H. P., Geo. R. Maguire; E. L. R. and 1st A. P., Jos. Barney; E. L. R. and 2d A. P., Harry Enochs; G. L. and 3d A. P., Geo. Conway; secretary, C. W. Campbell; treasurer, C. F. Jones; tyler, A. J. Bates; trustees—W. L. Draas, W. E. Lep, J. B. McNeal; inner guard, S. Jackson; chaplain, W. S. Fox.

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL ASSOCIATION attended the funeral of their late fellow-member Christopher Steube, Oct. 30.

MAC EVOY'S ERINOPTICON is to commence a short season Nov. 5 in Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass. The company comprise Prof. J. Mac Evoy, manager; Mary Mac Evoy, Acton E. Kelley, Louisa Nagle, Charles B. Lawlor, Walter Barry, and John McCarroll, pianist and musical director..... Heller has continued to fill Horticultural Hall the past week, his expose of spiritualism being the principal attraction..... The Baby Show closed its successful season Oct. 30. Prizes of the aggregate value of $1,775 were to have been distributed.

DR. JOHN LOBD told about "Chrysostum" in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 2.

ALL SORTS—P. T. Barnum has been nominated to represent Bridgeport (once more) in the Connecticut Legislature..... J. M. Wolston the humorist was married at Clifton, N. Y., on the 30th ult., to Miss Mary Brennan of that town. After a brief honeymoon, J. M. W. will rejoin H. C. Pullman's Great Sensation..... Messrs. Moody and Sankey coalesced at Manchester, N. H., on Nov. 3. They will devote this month to the salvation of the Manchesterians, and the next will be assigned to the people of Providence, R. I..... A temperance society in Richmond, Va., paid Murphy $250 for two lectures, and will insure it by $75. This is to be expected in a community which between the acts of a play leaves the theatre in such vast numbers as to have recently amazed a dramatic agent in that city..... Miss Helen Potter occupied Union Hall, Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 1..... Public Library Hall, Louisville, Ky., was offered for sale on Oct. 29 by the Master of the Chancery Court to pay $6,439.97 back taxes due the city, which corporation became the purchaser at a price equaling the taxes due..... The city of Cincinnati pays $7,860 interest on outstanding bonds for the purchase of the lot on which Music Hall is building. In 1858 the price paid for the lot was $150,000 at six per cent..... Prof. Gilbert made a balloon-ascension from Cincinnati on Oct. 30. Some imp of mischief cut the drag rope, but no serious consequences followed..... J. E. Lesly, the artist who put the finishing touches on the new Opera-house in Eaton, O., has gone to Richmond, Ind., to remodel Phillips' Hall..... Miss Helen Foster is to begin her character representations under Jarrett & Palmer at Chickering Hall, this city, Nov. 12..... Elizabeth Cady Stanton furnishes "Work and Wages" at the Opera house, Parker Ct y, Pa., to night..... The veteran Gen. James Shields of Missouri lectured at McCormick Hall, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 1, on reminiscences of the Mexican War Not Found in History."..... Henry Watterson is to discuss Southern characteristics at Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 12..... Farwell Hall, Chicago, on Nov. 1, John Habberton, who was the guest of Gen. A. C. McClurg, exposed "The Small Boy." At Wheaton, Ill., on Nov. 2d, he delivered himself on "We Westerners as We Were."..... The Roller-skating Association of St. Louis inaugurated a season of premature ice at Masonic Hall, Friday, Nov. 1..... The deserving mothers who won prizes at the recent Boston Baby Show have for several days been looking for them.

MISS Jessie Patton of Chicago gave a reading in Dalton, Ill., Nov 2..... Books on subscription to the natal stock of the new Music Hall, Dayton, Ohio, will be opened in a few days..... James Featherstone, the "live man with the stone legs," died in New Haven, Ct., on Oct. 27. He had been that way since June, 1869, his disease being known as *elephantiasis arabum*. The petrifaction began in his feet, and eventually his calves each measured about thirty-five inches in circumference and weighed about eighty pounds. The case was all the more interesting to physicians because both legs were affected. Generally the disease settles in one leg only..... Prof. Siddons and J. Willoughby Reade have been giving readings in Lexington, Va.

AMATEUR.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" is to be presented at the Memphis, Tenn., Theatre on Nov. 5, 6. The character of Arline and the Gipsy Queen are to be essayed by different persons each night. Every seat has been sold for the occasion, and its success is assured.

"BLANCHE OF BRANDYWINE" was acted at the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., five nights, commencing Oct. 30, to very good audiences, for the benefit of Post No. 16 G. A. R.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia presented "The Dead Heart" Oct. 31, H. F. Clayton making an excellent Robert Landry. ....."Othello" was given by the Mirror Dramatic Association Nov. 1..... The John Brougham Dramatic Association inaugurated their new hall on Fairmount avenue, above Thirtieth street, Nov. 1, with a representation of "Led Astray."

BRADLEY'S COMEDY COMPANY gave a performance at the Germania Theatre, Turne Hall, Boston, Oct. 31. "Temptation" and "Toodles" were acted. Among the performers were Messrs. S. T. Pearce, John Colvan, J. R. Robertson, James Jefferson, J. L. Mortimer, E. W. Bradbury, G. W. Fox, P. Morton, Misses Bernard, Horn, Smith and Mrs. Allen. John Salmon, the old-time professional, played Timothy Toodle.

THE EMMET CLUB of Indianapolis performed "The Colleen Bawn" Oct. 31, at Pike's Opera-house, in the presence of a dense assemblage. They did exceedingly well..... The Davenport Club, at its regular weekly performance, Nov. 1, gave "The Pearl of Savoy," with Mrs. Geo. Mendel as Marie..... The Clio Club played "Alone" at Thoms' Hall, 2, in good style.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"IN SOGNO," a new drama by M. Rovetta, has been presented at the Fiorentini Theatre, Naples, Italy, by the Morelli Troupe. It was a failure.

M. TISSERANT, formerly an actor at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, France, died recently, aged 68.

Miss KATE RAYMOND and C. B. Collins have had a very successful season with their "Waifs" company in Great Britain. They were to begin an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Eng., Oct. 22, going thence to Dublin, Ireland, after which they will return to America.

"PIERRE GENDRON," a three-act comedy, has been produced at the Theatre du Parc, Brussels, Belgium.

THE VALLE THEATRE in Rome, Italy, has just produced a piece entitled "Esopo," by M. Castelvecchio. The play contains dramatic situations, and is little more than a selection of fables recited by the principal personage, interpreted by the actor Pietriboni. The public, nevertheless, called the actor several times before the curtain.

MORRIS ABONS, advance-agent of W. H. Barrett's company, died at Brighton, Eng., Oct. 15, having ruptured a blood-vessel during a violent fit of coughing.

"LITTLE DOCTOR FAUST" is the title of Henry J. Byron's latest burlesque, presented at the Gaiety Theatre, London, Oct. 13. In the treatment of the story and in the character of the dialogue there is no perceptible improvement upon previous parodies of "Faust." Mr. Byron has, however, been exceptionally happy in the comic business he has introduced; and as the company is generally pretty thoroughly trained to the performance of burlesque, acts with more than its usual spirit, the result is a triumph. Miss Farren appeared as Faust, Miss Kate Vaughan as Margaret, Miss Amalia as Martha, Mr. Terry as Mephistopheles, and Mr. Royce as Valentine.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, London, Oct 15, the manageress, Madame St. Claire, assumed the part of Romeo with but indifferent success, and Miss Blanche Lucan made her début in the role of Juliet, her performance showing that she was not with out some qualifications for the character.

T. C. KING commenced an engagement at the Standard Theatre, London, Oct. 20, playing Hamlet and Othello on alternate nights, supported by James Bennett as the Ghost and Iago, and Edmond as Laertes and Cassio, and Miss Kate Neville as Ophelia and Desdemona.

IF MISS VIOLA DACRE can make arrangements with the proprietors of the Duke's Theatre, London, she will produce "Camille," written for her by G. W. Wills, and which she is now playing in the provinces.

"RUSSIA" ("Les Exiles") was the play chosen for the opening of the National (late Queen's) Theatre, London, Oct. 27.

A RICH London merchant, who, say the Italian papers, has fallen desperately in love with la diva, has named his yacht the "Adelina Patti."

THE DEATHS are announced at Paris of M. Kermoysan, author and critic, aged sixty seven; at Vienna, of Frau Dingelstedt, better known as Jenny Lutzer, the vocalist; at Milan, of Signor Paglieri, a well-known professor; at Bologna, of the artist, Cesare Casali; at Venice, of the artist Luigi Calziolari, aged forty-three; and at Milan, of the professors of music Virgilio Fronti, aged forty-nine, and Ignazio Pizzi, aged twenty-six.

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS has resumed his position as professor of the violin at the Conservatoir, Brussels, Belgium.

"FRANCESCA DA RIMINI," Goetz's posthumous opera, completed by Herr Frank, has been performed with great success at Mannheim, Germany.

"DIE LANDFRIED," a new opera by Ignace Bouhl, has been successfully produced at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, Austria.

THE GIRARDS have been engaged by F. B. Chatterton to appear in the extravaganza "opening" of a Christmas burlesque at the Adelphi Theatre, London. The Martinettis will appear in the comic business.

F. LINDSAY, negro comedian, died very suddenly at the Prince Albert Music Hall, Bursleem, Eng., Oct. 11.

MADAME SANYEAH, the lady gymnast, was at last advices performing at the Birmingham (Eng.) Concert Hall.

REYNOLDS & ROMER, Miss Minnie Loder, the Waite Sisters, Baby Bindley, Miss Ella Weaner, and Miss Annie Adams and the Pholtes are still performing in London.

MUSICAL.

ANTOINE ELWART has just died in Paris, France, at the age of sixty-nine. He obtained the Prize of Rome at the Conservatoire in 1834, but, instead of following the theatre as a career, he became a professor, and for thirty years conducted a course of harmony at the Conservatoire. He had not, however, renounced composition, and at the christening of the Count de Paris, in 1838, a mass by him was executed. He was also the author of many musical works—operas, quatuors, symphonies, etc., several of which obtained a considerable success.

THE MANAGEMENT of the Scala at Milan, Italy, has decided on raising the prices during Patti's engagement, the following being the scale of admission: Orchestra stalls, 50f.; pit seats, 35f.; standing-room, 10f.; and amphitheatre, 10f.

M. GOUNOD is at work on a new opera by the authors of the libretto of "Cinq Mars," MM. Poirson and Galiet. The work, commenced long ago, is approaching completion, and will be called "Maitre Pierre." The subject is taken from Abeilard and Heloise.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 15, 1877.
TENTH ANNUAL BENEFIT
of the
NEW YORK LODGE, No. 1,
B. P. O. ELKS
(Benevolent Protective Order of Elks),
tendered by the combined managers and artists of the DRAMATIC, MUSICAL AND VARIETY
PROFESSIONS OF THIS AND ADJACENT CITIES.
ALL THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN WILL BE REPRESENTED, BY THE KIND PERMISSION OF THEIR RESPECTIVE MANAGERS, WHOSE NAMES WILL APPEAR IN FUTURE ANNOUNCEMENTS.
The following artists have kindly tendered their valuable services and will appear:
MISS CLARA MORRIS, LOTTA, MR. E. A. SOTHERN, MR. ED. LAMB, MR. JAMES O'NEIL, MR. J. J. LITTLE, TONY PASTOR'S COMPANY, HARRIGAN and HART, MR. GUS WILLIAMS, BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, MR. WILL H. MORTON, MR. BILLY BARRY, MORGAN SISTERS (Jennie and Annie), MISS KITTY O'NEIL, WATSON and ELLIS, MAJOR BURK, FERGUSON and MACK, MR. CHARLES DIAMOND, MISS LINGARD, PURDY and HALL, and numerous others.
A SUPERB ORCHESTRA, under the direction of MR. H. WANNEMACHER, presenting A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.
For particulars see future announcements.
Tickets can be secured at the Academy of Music from 10 to 3 P. M. daily. 33-1t

TONY PASTOR'S. TONY PASTOR'S.
THE LEADING VAUDEVILLE THEATRE IN AMERICA.
First appearance of
WILSON and ELLIS,
the great German artists that made "the hit" with Tony Pastor's Traveling Troupe during the past season.
JENNIE and ANNIE MORGAN, THE BRENNANS, CAPT. LIABLE, THE FONTAINEBLEAUS, W. HENRY RICE, LARRY TOOLEY, ADAMS AND LEE, SUYDAM BROTHERS, ERWIN THOMAS, THE PEASLEYS, BILLY BARRY, THE FOUR ALLEN SISTERS, BOB HARRISON, JENNIE SATTE LEE, FRANK GIRARD, TONY PASTOR, and all of his great troupe.
MATINEE TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. 33-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
HARRIGAN AND HART in Edward Harrigan's local extravaganza DOWN TOWN, OR THE MINIATURE 69TH REGIMENT. Also, by special request, S. O. T., SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
MISS KITTY O'NEIL, champion jig-dancer; MISS NELLIE ST. JOHN in operatic selections; PETE CANNON in Irish songs and sayings; WILLIS PICKERT, America's own clog-dancer; DEAD AND SOORS in dramatic scenes; BONIE RUNNELS, prima donna of German comedians; MISS EMMA BRENNAN, character vocalist; GIBSONS AND RUSSELL, in original specialties.
Owing to the unusual success of MR. H. Morton in a new sketch. The performance to conclude with DOWN BROADWAY, OR THE MINIATURE 69TH REGIMENT.
GOOD NIGHT, COLUMBIA, GOOD NIGHT. "Rhine 'em up." Haifred Freeman. Mr. Edward Harrigan. Mr. Tony Hart.
MATINEES. [33-1t] WEDNESDAY. SATURDAY.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON,
every evening (except Saturday) at 8 o'clock, as RIP VAN WINKLE.
Mr. Jefferson's second matinee, Saturday, Nov. 10, of RIP VAN WINKLE.
*** Box sheet open on Monday next. Reserved chairs, $1.50. Admission, $1. Dress-circle, 50c. Family circle, 25c. Positively no free tickets. Every Saturday evening, UNDER THE GASLIGHT. 33-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
OF THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY.
1. MONDAY.....
2. TUESDAY.....
3. WEDNESDAY.....
4. THURSDAY.....
5. FRIDAY.....
6. SATURDAY (& Matinee).....
NOV. 12, MISS ANDERSON'S début in New York. 33-1t

BROADWAY THEATRE.
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 5,
inauguration of the Newest Dramatic Season at this theatre, and first appearance in some years of
MME. JANAUSCHEK,
who will appear in the powerful drama
BRUNHILD,
together with the
REGULAR COMPANY OF THIS THEATRE. 33-1t

HARRY HILL'S THEATRE,
cor. Houston and Crosby sts., N. Y. Established 22 years. Open every night the year round. Female talent wanted immediately. Write, or call and get an opening. Long engagement to good performers. 33-1t*

WOOD'S THEATRE. BROOKLYN
EIGHTH WEEK OF THE SEASON.
MONDAY, NOV. 5. EVERY EVENING,
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEE,
MR. W. S. HIGGINS
in the Four-act Sensation Drama
TRAMPS.
First-class stars and combinations may address GEORGE WOOD, Manager. 33-1t*

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
Opera-house, Broadway and 29th street.
NOW OPEN.
HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY NIGHTLY.
RECEIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER.
THE FUNNY BABIES.
THE FUNNY BABIES,
THE LOVELY KIDS. THE NOBLE INFANTS.
EVERYBODY SHOULD SEE THEM.
Let the children see the Funny Babies.
SEATS SECURED. [33 1t*] MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

PARK THEATRE. BROADWAY.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT OF
MR. SOTHERN
previous to his return to Haymarket Theatre, London.
THIRD MONTH AND LAST NIGHTS OF THE
CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.
A purely original humorous satire on the "GOOD OLD SCHOOL" of acting. Mr. SOTHERN'S extraordinary performance of LORD DUNDREARY is universally acknowledged to be the most whimsical creation of the age—a creation wherein a touching pathos and wild eccentricity are so exquisitely blended that the audience accept Fitzaltamont as a living reality; and for the time Mr. Sothern sinks his identity even more so than in his world-famed "DUNDREARY."
Box office open day and night. Performance at 8. Curtain falls at 10.30. Saturday matinee at 2 precisely.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—H. J. Byron's HORNET'S NEST will speedily be produced. 33-1t

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS,
Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway, opposite New York Hotel.
NEIL BRYANT.....Manager
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. DOUGHERTY. LITTLE MAC.
BRYANTS. ELLEN'S BABIES. TWO TRAMPS.
SANFORD & WILSON. MACKIN & WILSON.
THE VICTIMS. HANNAH'S TROUBLE. The great tenor J. RAPIER. Every evening at 8 and Saturday Matinee at 2. Popular prices, 25, 50 and 75cts. Matinee 25 and 50cts. 33-1t

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
MR. WM. J. FLEMING.....Manager
Every evening and Saturday matinee,
MASANIELLO.
PRONOUNCED BY
THE PRESS
AND PUBLIC
THE BEST
OPERATIC PRODUCTION
EVER GIVEN IN NEW YORK. 33-1t*

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT.
MR. JOHNNY BOOKER, at the THEATRE FRANCAIS, formerly Dan Bryant's Opera-house, Twenty third street, MATINEE Nov. 9, 1877. A selected array of talent have kindly volunteered from all the principal theatres and minstrels in the city. All communications can be addressed care of COOL WHITE,
33-1t Bryant's Minstrels, Broadway, New York.

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LYRICS OF THE CITY.—No. II.

THE BOWERY:

And What may be Seen on that Famous Thoroughfare.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Of all the spots on top o' this
Green earth which man inhabits,
America's metropolis,
To those who rightly grab its
Unlimited advantages,
Possesses rarer charms to please
The several senses and the mind
Than any other spot you'll find.

I know, because I've traveled—
No matter how nor when—
And frequently unraveled
The mystery of men
In foreign lands. I've been to Paris,
And seen whatever odd and rare is
To be seen in that exceeding lively town,
Whose charms are choicest when the sun is down;
I've eaten chops, and mostly undone,
In famous, foggy, smoky London;
I've been to Germany and Italy and Spain,
To Jersey—everywhere, in short, and searched in vain
To find a spot where keener joys should flatten
The charms of this fair Island of Manhattan.

New York's the place, and if, as Tennyson
Informs us, Europe's worth a cycle of Cathay,
I'll wager either pounds or pennies on
New York as worth a hundred cycles any day.
But there, I'm getting too diffusive—
The weather makes my muse a trifle showery—
We'll drop Cathay and words abusive,
And plunge at once into our theme—the Bowery.

From Chatham square,
Way up to where
Fourth avenue and Third divide,
The Bowery stretches fair and wide.
Oh, wonderfulest of our city streets,
'Tis there the stranger, if he's posted, meets
With all that's rarest, raciest and oddest;
Shopkeepers, Chinamen and curbstone venders,
Beer, bootblacks, girls—the latter none too modest—
Saloons, free lunches, shows and money-lenders,
With representatives of every clime,
And other things which can't be told in rhyme.
To read the Bowery aright,
You need to travel it at night,
And so, in fancy, let us do together—
'Twill pay you richly for your time and leather.

Beginning then at Chatham square,
We pass the numerous basements where
The sound of music flits the air
And bright transparencies declare
The place a "free and easy;"
We turn from the peanut-vender's charms,
And the woman who sits with a child in her arms
And grind a an organ wheezy,
And stop in front of a building ablaze
With glaring lights. Here's one of the sights,
In which the heart of the native delights—
The Bowery Theatre of olden days!
Oh, temple of drama where thunder repays
The lusty vigor of him who plays—
Who plays, and not unfrequently slays—
While a moral lesson the piece conveys.
No Bouciault here work flourishes here,
It's buckskin that's wanted and hide of the steer!
With these the plaudits never will flag,
While the gallery echoes: "Hist the rag!"

Leaving the theatre, let us explore
The jolly resort which is found next door.
'Tis one blaze bright with a hundred hues,
Like Jacob's coat or Dolly Varden,
There's much to imbibe and much to amuse
In this, the famous Atlantic Garden.
'Tis here that beer in its proper sphere—
Except when the peelers interfere—
Flows from the keg both strong and clear,
And puts its frothy, brief career
While the ear may hear sweet sounds from a band
Of rosy girls who all appear
Exceedingly pretty and proper and bland,
And handle their bows with a master-hand.

From the Garden again we pass to the street—
What a curious crowd it is that we meet!
The shop girl dressed in her very best,
The short-haired "swell" with a pin on his breast
And a tread that seems to emphasize,
The German phlegmatic, the poet of the attic,
Theatrical stars whose course is erratic,
Countrymen flush, and some of them "lush,"
With women whose cheeks have forgotten to blush,
Gentile and Jew, and rogues not a few—
These are the faces presented to view.
At intervals here at there we see
The stolid, rice eating heathen Chinee,
Who stands all day and is fully content
To sell a single cigar for a cent!

At Canal we cross to the opposite side,
And merge again in the human tide.
We are borne along by the surging throng,
Past the Museum—cheap, but "toney"—
Past the public-house where Owney
Throws the glove to mankind as Geoghegan's
Invites the last of the Mohegans;
Past the Sultan Divan—yes, you
Might drop in some time, for, bless you,
Nothing there you'll find to harm you,
While possibly the sights will charm you.
That chap is selling patent plasters—
They draw, at least, some idle folks—
This house of old was Tony Pastor's,
But now it's been rechristened Volks.
And further up the London greets us,
A Miner runs it like a mail—
And here—what's this? A beggar meets us
Who's blind and lame. I'll lay a wager
That he can see the dime you dropped him,
And drink without the crutch that propped him.
We stop a moment here at Bleecker
To watch the chap with flaming lamp—
There never was a jollier, sleeker,
Or more persuasive sort of scamp;
He sells a stud to hold your collar
And diamond pin—for half a dollar!

And still our upward course pursuing,
We find, in time, the crowd diminishes;
And oh! a sight of oysters dancing
Is in the air. That chop-house finishes
Our journey for to-night. We've seen enough
To show the mixed and curious sort of stuff
Of which the Bowery is made. There's plenty more
Which at your leisure you can easily explore;
Meantime, if ale's our taste should chance to suit,
Within the shadow of the Institute
Which Mr. Cooper built and gave the town
(A really sensible and costly dowery)
We'll talk the while we drink the mild draught down
About our trip (in fancy) through the Bowery.

"DOLLY."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

A pretty cottage, bowered in climbing roses, with a broad veranda all around it, and a trig, well-kept lawn in front, stretching away down to the beach, on which left a clump of shade-trees, nodding and waving cool, green leafy plumes in the fresh ocean breeze, and under them—reclining in an invalid's chair, with pallid, hollow cheeks, and wasted hands lying listless in his lap—a man.

Always lying so—wheeled out there as soon as the morning sun shines warm, remaining there through all the Summer-day. No books, no conversation, no thoughts, apparently; for the eyes are almost always closed, and the face has no expression save of weariness and pain, and no words, or scarcely any, except one, murmured over and over again to himself, or spoken aloud whenever anything arouses him—spoken in wonderfully changing tones—earnestly, pitifully, eagerly, shrinkingly, as the fancy that moves him prompts. It is simply a woman's name—a little, homely, country name—"Dolly." Sometimes it sounds like a question, sometimes a reproach; now it hear it sobbed out, low and plaintive, like a prayer, and then again—quick, eager, low—an earnest, urgent call. At such times the deeply sunken eyes open wide, the weak head tries to lift itself, and the look of one who watches and listens for an answer comes into the death-like face.

Another and more startling tone there is, but it is seldom heard—a note of horror and anguish indescribable—a cry, loud, piercing, ringing through the air—"Dolly! Dolly! Dolly!" And his arms are flung up as if to ward off some frightful thing, while his emaciated form shrinks and trembles with the shock of a sudden and awful fear. Twice have I seen and heard him thus, and on both occasions the old people who have charge of him have hurried him into the house, whence, from their closed rooms, for long afterwards, issued piteous cries, and wild, disjointed ravings, the burden of which, so far as I could hear, was "Dolly! Dolly! Dolly!" all the same!

They are "show people," the landlord informs me. The old gentleman is the manager of a troupe now playing in the town hard by. He drives into town to the "theayter" every night; but the old lady, his wife, "she do stick by the sick man all the time. A poor, dyin' critter! they've brought him here to breathe sea-air—he won't be breathing *any* air very long," the landlord reckons. "But they be decent, quiet folks, giving little trouble, and paying a fair price for it." This seems to be all "mine host" knows or cares about the matter, so I am forced to wait for a chance to unravel the mystery. As it happen, I do not wait long.

Standing under the trees one sultry afternoon, idly uncertain whether to go down to the beach or stay in the cool shade, I am suddenly and tremendously startled by discovering the eyes of the poor invalid—those eyes so seldom seen—fixed, with a wistful, longing look, on a branch of lilac that I am twisting half unconsciously in my hands. In a moment I have placed the flowers between the thin, white fingers, saying as gently as one speaks to a child:

"You may have them."

There is no answering look or word for me—the dark eyes are fixed upon the lilac. Lifting it with difficulty to his face, he lays a wasted cheek against it, and, with a long-drawn, shuddering sigh, whispers:

"Poor Dolly!"

The pathetic action, the tone of hopeless sorrow, point to but one conclusion; and my curiosity being strongly aroused, in a moment I have put it into words—laying my hand upon the flowers to attract his attention:

"Is Dolly dead?" I ask.

What have I said or done? The suddenness of the change I have wrought starts me back in terror. The cavernous eyes flash fire, the thin hands twist and twine together nervously:

"Dead?" he repeats, in a tone of agonized inquiry. "Quite dead? No, no—let *me* touch her! She'll speak to me. Dolly! Dolly! Take it off! Take it off from her throat—quick! quick! And then, stretching out his feeble hands, he utters that awful, exceedingly bitter cry: "Dolly, Dolly, Dolly!" and falls back convulsed and writhing.

"Who was Dolly? Well," and the old manager took the pipe from between his lips and gently knocked the ashes out against the tree beside him, "that's a sad story. It's one I'm not much given to telling, either; but you've been kind to Jim there—yes," following my questioning glance, "him in the invalid's chair—him that's sick, and foolish, and paralyzed, and helpless, crippled and ruined in body and mind. Aye, look at him—a monument of God's justice and vengeance! Well, as I was saying, you've been good to him since we've been here, and so, if you wish it, I'll tell you the story of the poor, miserable wreck, and why, with all the sense and voice that's left him, he calls and pines for Dolly night and day!

"We picked her up in the street, my wife and I, literally and truly. It was an awful dark, cold Winter's night. We two were the very last to leave the theatre—half an hour after the others, I dare say, for it was our last night in the town, and there'd been accounts to make up, and odd traps to pack up in the box-office. The stage-door of that theatre opened into a wide alley—the theatre wall ending the alley and making it 'no thoroughfare.' It was an ugly place to come along at night, even when the dim lamp over the stage-door was lighted; but when—as on this occasion, and always, after the actors had gone home—the light was out, nobody but a fool would have traveled that road alone if he could have helped it. It was so choked with filth and rubbish, and so swarming with rats, that if even a man had the misfortune to fall down there he'd hardly know himself when he got up again. Lizzie and I came out into the alley at about half-past twelve o'clock. The night was pitch dark, and snow was falling thick and fast. The filthy heaps of refuse through which we had to pick our way to the street felt, if possible, more disgusting than usual to our sliding, sinking feet, because of the soft, white carpet that covered them a couple of inches deep; and as Joe, the night-watchman, shut the door behind us, and the glimmer of his lantern vanished from the snow, Liz clung closer to my arm with an involuntary shudder, while I bestowed a hearty curse upon the street-cleaning authorities who allowed blind alleys to get into such a condition and neglected to furnish them with lamps.

"'Making it,' I growled, as we plunged and stumbled along, 'a positive invitation, a perfect opportunity for robbery and murder. That's just what it is—not an alley, but an opportunity for crime! Why, a man might be dragged in here from the street and his throat cut, and the body flung down, and nobody any the wiser. Or a murderer, dodging the police, might make a sudden dash in here, and ——'

"A scream from Lizzie interrupted me. She was clinging a dead weight upon my arm, gasping as if she was going to faint.

"'But don't do *that*, in this dirt-hole, little woman,' says I, 'whatever you do.'

"'O Tom!' says she, trembling so that she could hardly speak or stand—'O Tom! what have I trod upon? Something soft, and—and large. Something lying near us now, Tom. It—it felt like—like a dead body. Oh, dear, *what* can it be? I shall go mad with fear!'

"I tried to reassure her, though I didn't feel any too comfortable myself, in view of my recent remarks about robbery and murder.

"'It's been a rat, my dear, no doubt; in such a place as this they grow to an enormous size. Or possibly a large, dead dog ——'

"'No, no—larger, much larger than any dog,' dropping her voice to a low, horrified whisper, as if she feared that the thing, whatever it was, might overhear her.

"'I drew my foot along it. It was larger than even a Newfoundland dog could be.'

"'It is close beside me now—put out your foot gently, on this side, and feel it ——'

"'I didn't like the job at all; but of course she had to be pacified. We had been standing stock still, with, upon my part at least, a sickening sensation of sinking, amid utter darkness, into a slough of filth. 'Anything,' I thought, 'to get out of this mire, and into the solid, firm street again.' So I put out my foot obediently. Involuntarily I drew it back with a start and a cry. Sure enough, Lizzie was right. I *had* touched 'something soft and large'—altogether too large to be lightly passed over or easily accounted for at such an hour, in such a place as this.

"'It's deuced strange,' I muttered, feeling anything but happy or at ease. 'What in the world can it be? If we only had a light now.'

"Suddenly I remembered, and groped for some matches in my pocket; and next minute a tiny flame flashed out upon the darkness. It lit up, for one brief instant, a figure lying at our feet, and only partly covered by the snow. I struck again. This time it was Lizzie that bent over the form, while I shaded the match with my hands. She uttered a curiously pitiful, tender cry, and rose up with tears in her eyes and voice together:

"'O Tom,' says she, 'the poor, poor young creature! It's a girl, dear, with a baby on her breast!'

"That settled it! Of all romantic, tender, soft-hearted little women, my wife Lizzie was the boss; and an infatuation for children and babies was her great forte and specialty. Quicker than I can tell it she had that baby in her arms, and I picking up the mother the best way I could—poor young thing, she was only a feather-weight anyhow!—we made the best of our way to the street. From there to the house was but a trifling distance—we didn't even meet a policeman, by the way—it was well on into the small hours of the morning by this time, and every soul in the house was asleep, but we let ourselves in with the latch-key and carried in our burdens quite unobserved. We laid them down on the bed, and I stirred up the fire; then Lizzie turned to me with a radiant face:

"'I've got a baby of my own at last!' says she. 'This poor thing can have no friends, or she wouldn't have been lying there. We'll adopt them, Tom, both mother and child, and never let a soul know where we found them.'

"She'd always been a truthful, honest creature, ever since I'd known her first; but now, quite suddenly, she displayed the most extraordinary talent for fiction, and before long was the most unscrupulous liar—wherever the girl and the child were concerned—that I ever wish to meet. Somehow or other she even infected *me*, and between my pity for the helpless creatures, and my wish to oblige and humor Liz, I was guilty of some whoppers myself.

"When the girl came out of the stupor that had ensued upon her long exposure to the cold, she was delirious, and could tell nothing of herself. But her disjointed ravings hinted at a terrible experience of wrong and suffering—perhaps shame. Lizzie sent me for the doctor.

"'Tell him nothing,' she whispered, 'and hurry back, so as to help me and keep others out of the room.'

"Judge of my surprise when, on my return, she gravely informed the doctor that the patient was my niece!

"'Came on the midnight train from New York, sir. My husband and I, being detained at the theatre, failed to meet her, and, trying to walk to the house alone, she wandered about and finally fell down in the snow, where we found her, close by the door here.'

"This was the story afterwards current in the company, with such additions and variations as my wife's lively fancy suggested from time to time; but the real truth, as far as we ever learned it, was cruel and sad indeed.

"Her name was Dolores, she told us—nothing more. My wife immediately altered it to 'Dolly' for short, and we called her so ever afterwards. She had disgraced an honorable name, she said, and would never again claim it. Nothing could induce her to tell who was the father of her child, nor could she even speak of him without a perfect agony of grief, heart-rending for us to witness. He had abandoned her shortly after her infant's birth, leaving her without a dollar, ruined and friendless, to the mercy of the cold world. Then it was, in the first frenzy of her despair, that she learned (from the lips of the woman in whose hands he had placed her) the true character of the house in which she was, and all the horror and infamy of the terms on which she could continue its inmate. Frantic with shame and grief, maddened by the thought that he, for whom she had sacrificed all, could have condemned her to a fate so hideous, she had caught up her babe of scarcely two months old, and rushed forth into the desolate streets—into the darkness and bitter cold—careless though she fled to death itself, since in death at least was a refuge from those blackest depths of infamy and despair. And thus she had wandered round, heart-broken and half-crazed, she could not tell how long. When the child cried, she hushed it on her bosom and sheltered it with her own clothing from the fast-falling snow. At last exhausted, quite worn out, she had crept, like some poor dumb, wounded brute, into a corner, and there lain down to die. There we had found and rescued her. Poor Dolly! Better for her had no one come that way—better that the charitable darkness and thick-falling snow had hidden her—better that she had sunk from her heavy stupor into death, and passed with her babe upon her blighted breast, out of the darkness and the pain and shame of Earth into the glorious light and life of Paradise!

"But we—knowing nothing of the mysterious Future, and only striving to do our duty in the Present—had played the good Samaritan to Dolly, and won her back to life and health again. Before long we grew to love each other dearly. Our true sympathy, and the daily untolding charms of her little girl (that cooed, and crowed, and smiled—a perfect sunbeam in the house), won her by degrees from brooding over her wrongs, and presently something like happiness came back to her. By-and-bye I put her on the stage. She was a beautiful young creature, and showed much dramatic talent. The idea that she was working to support her child delighted her—gave her an interest in life. Her eyes grew bright, and her rare, sweet smile more frequent; she clung to Lizzy and me with more than a daughter's love, and called us 'father' and 'mother.' Her whole heart and hopes were bounded by the theatre and our home, her profession and her child; and so we lived, lovingly and at peace, for three long, happy years.

"It was to be expected, of course, that such a pretty, charming, gentle girl should have plenty of admirers; but Dolly found a real, true lover too. Mark Selden, our low-comedian, asked her to marry him. A better, nobler, manlier fellow never breathed. No fear of Dolly's happiness if she trusted it to his keeping; so Lizzie and I earnestly urged her to accept him, still leaving to us the care of her little girl. She listened to us at first with a kind of horror in her eyes, and shrank quite visibly from our counsels.

"'I couldn't!' she cried breathlessly. 'Oh, you don't know what you advise; you don't dream of the shame and misery that might come of it!'

"And then I learned what Lizzie had all along been sure of—that the girl silently, patiently, faithfully, still cherished the memory of the heartless scoundrel who had first betrayed and then abandoned her; nay, worse, who had deliberately placed her in the abode of sin and shame, and by leaving her there, penniless and with an infant to support, had forced on her, if she would live at all, a life of vice and infamy.

"'He's my baby's father," she said, in the same low, breathless tone, while her blue eyes gleamed, and her whole form trembled with the intensity of her earnestness. 'I don't respect him, I should never again trust him; I know he has deserved the very worst that you can say, but I love him in spite of all. If ever he called me, I should go to him—nothing could hold me back. What would become of me if I met him again and I married to another? Ruin would come of it, shame would come of it, and misery to us all!'

"'But we thought we knew better. We thought our short-sighted human wisdom superior to the wonderful natural instinct that Heaven had implanted in her breast. We brought all the strength of our claims upon her gratitude—all the force of our honest convictions that this course was safe and wise—to bear against the girl's firm resolution, and succeeded in shaking it at last. So much the worse for us, for her, and all who loved her. Alas! so much the worse.

"Selden knew all that we knew about her—she insisted upon that—and was unchanged in his wish to marry her. It was easy to see that she was touched by his generosity.

"'I'll try to deserve it!' she said, in great agitation. 'You are all so good to me—you *must* know what is best. I'll be a good wife to you, Mark, God helping me!' Then, turning to Lizzie, and hiding her face on her breast: 'God grant *he* may never come back to tempt me! O mother! pray that he may never come back!'

"Lizzie kissed and soothed her, caressing her bright hair tenderly.

"'Don't fear, dear; he'll never come. Or, if he does, you'll be an honest wife, too happy and proud in your good husband's love to even cast a thought on such a villain. And, indeed, I can't believe, after all the sorrow he's wrought you already, he'd be bad enough to seek you again.'

"I didn't agree with my wife in that, but I kept the difference of opinion to myself. My own private conviction was, however, that the scoundrel in question was probably bad enough for anything.

"So we had our way, and Mark won the wife he wished for, and took her away from us to live at a hotel, leaving the little girl—Mamie—with Lizzie and me, and all went well for a while longer.

"It was about three months later, and three years and a half altogether from the time Dolly first came to us, when, as I was standing on the stage one morning waiting for rehearsal to begin (I kept an eye to the rehearsals myself, as a rule), I felt her little hand clutch my arm with such a sudden grasp that I turned to her quickly, quite startled:

"'Why, Pet,' says I, 'what's the matter?'

"There were several of our gentlemen, and some newspaper men, and others, collected in front in the boxes, laughing and chatting, for it wanted full ten minutes of rehearsal yet; and on them Dolly's eyes were fixed, with a wild, terrified stare.

"'Who's that?' she said in a hoarse whisper. 'Father, who's that—that man there?'

"'Which?' says I, naturally enough, for there were half a dozen of them. 'There's Mr. Puffer and Mr. Slash of the papers—you know them; and there's Johns, about the cuts for the posters; and there's our new leading man, Mr. James Allison—perhaps it's him you mean, my dear.'

"But she didn't answer. Her eyes were fixed on me now, but I don't think she saw me. Her face was white as death, her lips closed firmly, her wide-dilated eyes seemed to look through me and past me into some visionary terror of her own fancy. While I stared in wonder the expression passed, the wide eyes softened into sudden tears, the pretty, pale lips quivered, she laid her head against my shoulder, with a long, shuddering sigh.

"'It's gone,' she said. 'Don't mind me, dear; I'm nervous lately.' But she trembled still, and clung to me. 'I thought—I saw a face—I used to know. It's gone now, but—it startled me.'

"'Startled you?' I said, in great astonishment. 'Well, I should think so. You looked as if you were going to faint. Where was it? Where did it go? It wasn't Mr. Allison, then?'

"She answered quite sharply:

"'What do I know about Mr. Allison?' Then suddenly: 'Father, I've a fancy that I shan't like him. When he comes round—here, he's coming now—and you introduce him, say "My daughter, Mrs. Mark Selden," will you? I prefer to bear my husband's name with everybody—out of the bills.'

"I thought afterwards that I had never seen her so haughty and cold in her manner to anyone as she was to him. Indeed, it was quite a new experience of Dolly to find her proud, or otherwise than gentle and lovable always, and the newcomer was such a handsome, easy, pleasant fellow; everyone was prejudiced in his favor; so respectful and even deferential to Dolly, too. 'Sly pus,' I thought, 'she had an eye to that when she insisted on being introduced as the manager's daughter.' It was very annoying to me to have her take an unreasonable dislike to the man, for she was playing the leading business now, and they would naturally be thrown constantly and closely together. I said as much, presently, to her husband, but he only laughed.

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"James Allison is her father—we both return to him. I do not say 'Forgive me!' for oh, my guilty, miserable soul feels that you never can! But spare me, pity me! And oh, if you ever loved me, comfort Mark, whose honorable name I have stained, whose true heart I have broken! Farewell to all—forever.

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"'There were several of our gentlemen, and some newspaper men, and others, collected in front in the boxes, laughing and chatting, for it wanted full ten minutes of rehearsal yet; and on them Dolly's eyes were fixed, with a wild, terrified stare.

"'Who's that?' she said in a hoarse whisper. 'Father, who's that—that man there?'

"'Which?' says I, naturally enough, for there were half a dozen of them. 'There's Mr. Puffer and Mr. Slash of the papers—you know them; and there's Johns, about the cuts for the posters; and there's our new leading man, Mr. James Allison—perhaps it's him you mean, my dear.'

"But she didn't answer. Her eyes were fixed on me now, but I don't think she saw me. Her face was white as death, her lips closed firmly, her wide-dilated eyes seemed to look through me and past me into some visionary terror of her own fancy. While I stared in wonder the expression passed, the wide eyes softened into sudden tears, the pretty, pale lips quivered, she laid her head against my shoulder, with a long, shuddering sigh.

"'It's gone,' she said. 'Don't mind me, dear; I'm nervous lately.' But she trembled still, and clung to me. 'I thought—I saw a face—I used to know. It's gone now, but—it startled me.'

"'Startled you?' I said, in great astonishment. 'Well, I should think so. You looked as if you were going to faint. Where was it? Where did it go? It wasn't Mr. Allison, then?'

"She answered quite sharply:

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"'Jim,' says she, quite quietly, 'good-bye.'

"'And now I saw plainly what I had never suspected before—he was fond of her. he didn't want to lose her. He turned with a look of alarm.

"'Good-bye?' said he roughly. 'What the devil does *that* mean?'

"She just repeated, quietly as before:

"'Good-bye, forever, Jim.'

"'Oh, hang such nonsense as that,' he said; 'you'll come to your senses by-and-bye,' and flung himself out of the room.

"She stood like a statue, staring at the door where he had gone out, and whispered over and over to herself:

"'Good-bye! good-bye! good-bye!'

"The drama of 'Never Too Late to Mend' was on for that night, and had been running for a week. Dolly had made quite a sensation as poor Josephs, the miserable outcast who dies, a suicide, in his prison cell. Poor child! The miseries and sufferings of her own unhappy life had taught her to depict anguish and despair with a terrible and heart-rending realism. Never had the wretched boy's history been more feelingly and painfully portrayed than on that night when her own grief and wrongs reached their sudden and awful termination. She had given way to no wild passion of rage or jealousy. After Jim left, Liz tried to sooth and comfort her, and they talked of her dead child quietly. She never shed a tear. I was deceived by her seeming calmness, but Liz was terribly uneasy.

"'She's got something in her mind,' says she. 'I'm afraid, Tom. I'm afraid.'

"And, glancing at Dolly, as she sat there, brooding silently, her hands locked in her lap, and a strange, stern, dreadful smile on her white face, my own mind misgave me terribly.

"She came out from her dressing-room at the theatre, at night, dressed for Josephs, and with the same awful smile on her lips, the same strange light in her wild eyes. I was in the prompter's place, directing the piece; and just before her great scene began (the one in which she hung herself in sight of the audience), I saw Allison go up to her, quite humbly, and say:

"'Forgive me, Dolly, won't you? I'm sorry, dear.'

"She turned upon him slowly, and looked at him a moment very strangely, then she made this singular reply, without noticing his outstretched hand:

"'Let me play out my part. It will soon be over now. When this next scene is ended come to me, and, if you can forgive yourself, be well assured I shall have forgiven you also. Don't touch me,' shr

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

A good deal has been said about the music of the future, and for this reason we are pleased to be able to announce what that music will be. Coming generations will not yearn for a Thomas nor beat an anvil for a Gilmore; they will care nothing about Kellogg or Thursby or Marie Rose; they will crave only the exhilarating strains of the instrument which is herewith presented to your notice. The scene depicted is a scene of the future. The boys and girls are the offspring of a future generation, and the poetical-looking gentleman who appears in the background is the musician of the future. In that halcyon time—that is, the future—all the music on earth will be furnished by means of a crank. Certain cranky critics may take exception to this assertion, but it is nevertheless true. The multitudinous advantages arising from the crank school of music will make themselves apparent to every thoughtful person. In the first place, the performer will always be in equally good condition and able to execute the most difficult compositions at all times and under all circumstances. In the next place, there will be no danger of strings breaking, or of anybody's excusing himself on the ground of "having a cold." The crank will be ready for turning, and anybody can produce the most exquisite melodies by simply seizing hold and grinding. The crank school of music has already obtained some followers, especially among those who play on the street-corners; but in the future, so marvelous will be the progress made, the sweetest sound on earth will be the crank instrument—vulgarly known as the hand-organ.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

My name is Junius Brutus Browne,
An actor by profession;
The critics seek to keep me down,
Conveying the impression
That I'm a mushroom and a ham;
whereas, as everybody knows, I
am an artist of the highest merit
and most conspicuous—renown.

As Hamlet often I've appeared,
With hat and knightly feather,
With flowing locks and small chin beard,
And trod the boards together
With Booth, Sothern, Fechter, the
Count Joannes and other distinguished tragedians, above all of
whom I most majestically—reared.

As Romeo I am immense,
As Richelieu immenser;
I keep an audience in suspense,
And pack the house
Than any other living star, while it is
worth double the price of admission to hear me utter the single
line: "R-r-r-ise, villain, and get
thee—hence!"

Not long ago I played for Beggs—
He manages the Dormer—
I swear by Egypt's seven plagues
That nothing could be warmer
Than was the reception which I received at the hands of the audience, whose enthusiasm reached such a pitch that it found vent in cheers, and "bravos" and—eggs!

THE LATE G. L. FOX'S FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

J. G. Hubbard of Lowell, Mass., sends us a bill containing the name of the recently deceased actor and pantomimist, and assures us that this was his first regular engagement with any company. A short time previous to the date of this bill "The Drunkard" had been produced at the Boston (Mass.) Museum, then located at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets, and it achieved so great a success as to permanently establish the popularity of the Museum. Charles H. Saunders of Boston, who had some reputation as a dramatist, prepared a version of the same story, which he called "The Freedom of the Drunkard," but it will be observed that in the copy of the bill appended the first three words of the title did not occupy a very conspicuous position. The company referred to acted this drama with much success in all of the principal towns and villages in the New England States. G. (C.) Howard and Miss Caroline Fox, now Mrs. G. C. Howard, are acting in the Grand Opera-house, in this city; Charles H. Saunders died in Boston July 15, 1857; George H. Wyatt died in Waterbury, Ct., Oct. 24, 1859; Master J. (A.) Fox is now practicing law in Boston; G. L. Fox's death was published in our past issue; Mr. Jones died in Boston in January, 1867.

LOWELL MUSEUM.
Unparalleled Attraction. No Extra Charge.
Moral Entertainment. Unparalleled Attraction. No Extra Charge.
MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 17, 1845,
and every evening, except Saturday, during the week, commencing at 8.

The manager, flattered by the patronage bestowed, respectfully announces the production of "The Freedom of the Drunkard," by C. H. Saunders, Esq., for the first time in Lowell, having received the stamp of approval from a Boston audience, and since been repeatedly performed by her with the most distinguished success at all the New England States.

MR. G. HOWARD, MRS. C. H. SAUNDERS,
and
MR. G. H. WYATT, from the Boston Museum.
MASTER J. FOX, MR. G. L. FOX,
and MISS C. FOX.

New scenery by Mr. G. Curtis.

The highly-interesting drama, written by C. H. Saunders, Esq., expressly for G. H. Wyatt, entitled the
THE DRUNKARD, OR HIS FIRST AND LAST PLEDGE.

"In this sketch is painted in striking colors the seductive vice of intemperance and its dreadful effects, from the first temptation to absolute degradation, happiness destroyed, and hopes blasted. The author has endeavored to point out, in plain but natural language, the different eras in the history of the inebriate. In the past it shows his career down the ladder to the lowest step of wretchedness, the miserable, despised and friendless, around whose head scorn hallos, naught but the bitterest flood, and despair had encompassed him with her blackest clouds—and while he is sinking into the dust in despair, the dark clouds of the past melt beneath the glory of the present—he sees a green oasis in the desert, upon which Hope, enchanting, smiles and waves her golden hair."

Edward Marston, a young mechanic.....Mr G. Howard
Mr. Firmly, a Washingtonian.....Mr. C. H. Saunders
Timothy Sly, an old tavern-keeper.....Mr. G. H. Wyatt
Sim Scrague, a live Yankee, Edward's friend.....Mast. J. Fox
Mr. Higgins, a constable.....Mr. G. L. Fox
Dick Guzzle, a loafer.....Mr. Clark
Thomas.....Mr. Jones
Mary Staples, the betrothed, afterwards Edward's wife.....Miss C. Fox

The piece produced under the direction of Mr. Wyatt.
Tickets as usual, admitting two persons, only 25 cents.

The first part of the performance will conclude with the laughable burletta of
THE MILLER AND COALMAN.
INTERMISSION.—An intermission of the performance will here take place, of fifteen minutes, in order to afford to such of the audience as feel disposed, an opportunity of visiting the saloons, and to partake of refreshments. The principal saloon is kept in front of the second tier. Champagne, oysters, confectionery and fruit. Parties in the lower, or dress circle, served in their places, throughout the evening, by notice given to the waiter in the lobby.
The performance will be resumed with
THE CHINESE ENTREE.
MR. SWEET will introduce the sagacious DOG TIMOUR, and give an exhibition of the wonderful instinct, sagacity and thorough training of that noble animal.
MASTER WALTER AYMAR
will go through his bold, daring, graceful and energetic
PRINCIPAL ACT OF HORSEMANSHIP.
Mr. SHURPT will appear upon the SLACK-ROPE, and
Mr. CARROLL will make his first appearance as
THE WARRIOR OF THE WEST,
and give a faithful illustration of the rapid flight of his horse, of the war-dance, the hunting ground, and the battle-scene of the red man of the forest, with full and appropriate costumes, music, implements and weapons.
COMIC SONG BY THE CLOWN.....GARDNER
H. GARDNER AS THE REAPER.
MR. MADIGAN
will exhibit his graceful and dashing principal act, being his first appearance in this arena.
To conclude with the laughable afterpiece of
THE TWO CLOWNS.
First Clown.....D. Gardner|Second Clown...Huntington
Boxes, 50 cents; second tier, 37½ cents; pit, 25 cents.
No half-price to the pit or second tier.

THE CIRCUS IN THIS CITY IN 1842.

Frank Whittaker, a veteran circus-performer, sends us an old-time programme, to a copy of which we give space. At this time the late John Tryon kept the saloons in the Amphitheatre. Of those who took part in the performances the following have passed away: Henry P. Madigan, Isaac Sweet, Henry Rockwell, Mr. Shurpt and Ben Huntington.

CIRCUS.
AMPHITHEATRE OF THE REPUBLIC,
37 Bowery.
N. A. HOWES, PROPRIETOR.
IMMENSE ARRAY OF TALENT IN THE ARENA.
MR. MADIGAN'S
first appearance in his splendid act of horsemanship.
MR. CARROLL,
the great vaulter and fearless rider.
MR. SWEET, the superb two-horse rider.
Family seats reserved without extra charge.
THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 15,
the performances will commence with
THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE,
with characters in full costume representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America.
MASTER STEVENS, the infantile pupil of MR. H. ROCKWELL, will display his fearless and beautiful
ACT OF HORSEMANSHIP.
The whole troupe will then appear in the circle and exhibit their leaps on the seats of
GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING.
MR. SWEET
will appear upon two horses, and give a splendid exhibition of skill and grace, in his various feats of horsemanship.
MR. S. B. HOWES and Mast. J. HOWES will next perform a variety of elegant and difficult feats of
POSTURING AND BALANCING.
MR. REYNOLDS will appear in a single act of horsemanship, as the YOUNG HIGHLANDER.
After which
STILL VAULTING
by the whole company, in the course of which
MESSRS. SWEET AND CARROLL
will exhibit their unparalleled trial of skill.
MR. BACON will appear in his popular act entitled
THE AMERICAN TAR.

'NEATH THE MORNING-GLORY VINE.

Double Song-and-dance.

DEDICATED TO THE FRENCH TWIN SISTERS BY FRANK STANSELLE.

(All rights reserved.)

HE—*[Enter L. solus.]* SCENE—*Wood—landscape at back.*

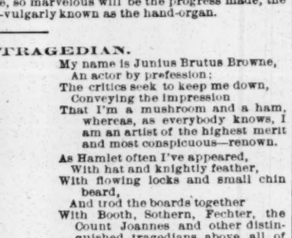
On yonder hill with grassy slopes, crowned with a shady grove
In whose recesses deep and cool 'tis my delight to rove,
A cottage nestles snugly among the spreading trees,
Where choice perfumes from sweetest flowers are wafted on the breeze.
There in that cottage dwells a maid with sunny, laughing eyes,
Whose heart she says is only mine, whose love I dearly prize;
And though the world upon me frown, misfortunes strew my way,
No power can shake my faith or cause my constancy to sway.
Chorus.—'Neath the morning-glory vine.
There she promised to be mine,
While twinkling stars in heav'n above bore witness to our bliss;
And then, oh, oh! what delight,
When we whispered sweet good night,
I pressed her to my heart and sealed the compact with a kiss.
[Dance—and retire up L. behind tree.]

SHE—*[Enter R. solo.]*

'Tis here, when ev'ning shadows fall and quiet reigns supreme,
I love to ramble 'mong the trees beside the rippling stream;
Yes, here, when daily cares are o'er, I meet my lover true,
And side by side, in sweet converse, our vows of love renew.

HE—*[comes down L. and takes her hand.]*

How sweet to me the hour that brings my darling to my side,
And bless'd the day when to my arms I'll take her as my bride.
Now, by this precious little hand, which here in mine I hold,
I pledge to thee a heart, dear girl, whose love will ne'er grow cold.
Chorus—together.
'Neath the morning-glory vine
There { she promised to be / I } { mine, / thine.
While twinkling stars in heav'n above bore witness to our bliss.
And then, oh, with what delight,
When we whispered sweet good night,
I { You } { pressed / kissed } { to / from } { my / your } { heart and sealed the compact with a kiss. / [Dance.] }
Then, since affection's silken ties are pleasing chains to bear,
Through life, united, we will strive to banish anxious care;
E'en though adversity may come, we place our trust in love,
And naught can mar our happiness or change our perfect love.



A SECTION OF THE TWINS.

Now, all who listen, take from us this lesson to your hearts:
No bosom is for long to rage with Cupid's little darts,
And if to win a maiden's constant love you fain would try,
Be true to her and honor, and she'll love you till you die.
Chorus and Dance.
'Neath the morning-glory, etc.

"THE COLORADO BEETLE."

a farce by W. Minto, has succeeded "Guinea Gold" at the Prince's Theatre, London, Eng. The story is thus told: "Mr. Hatter is a retired tradesman, with a mania for introducing Rio Janeiro potatoes. His daughter, Evelyn, is a romantic young lady, who has given her heart to the poor but devoted Harry Trivett. The old man is decidedly opposed to their union, and neither prayers, nor protestations, nor arguments are of enough to move him. What these cannot effect the Colorado beetle can. A paragraph that has appeared in the papers, announcing the arrival of the noxious little stranger, arouses in the bosom of old Hatter the worst fears for his darling potatoes, and when the artful Harry Trivett brings the news that he has actually seen it in Hatter's garden, the enthusiastic cultivator of 'spuds' is at once up in arms. The policeman is called in, the firearms are brought out, and the intruder must be captured at any cost. Would you give your daughter to the man who caught that beetle?' asks Harry. 'Would I? Aye, twenty daughters,' is the response. 'Well, one will be quite enough,' says the lover; and we suppose that it will be readily guessed that, he being the captor, the lovers are made happy, with the orthodox and parental 'Bless you, my children.'"

A PARROT STORY.—The negro-minstrel Thatcher, the other evening, told a ludicrous story to a big audience at the Grand Opera-house here, that has kept them laughing ever since. Two sailors, who had a parrot with them, went into a magicians' show in an upper room in some foreign city. The three constituted the audience. After each feat of the magicians one of the sailors would remark: "That's pretty good; wonder what they'll do next." Finally one of the sailors asked permission to smoke, which the magicians granted, forgetting that in the room beneath was stored an immense quantity of gunpowder. The Jack tars and the parrot continued to enjoy the show, one sailor adding the pleasure of his pipe, and the other remarking, after each trick: "That's pretty good; wonder what they'll do next." A spark from the smoker's pipe chanced to drop through a crack in the floor into the powder, and something suddenly occurred. Sailors and magicians, parrot and all, "made above party prejudice," and were all blown to kingdom come in a million fragments. All except the polly-parrot. He landed in a heap of bruised flesh and burnt feathers in a potato patch three miles away. He was utterly demoralized. It took some moments to collect himself, and when he had partially done so he hopped limpingly upon a fence-rail and remarked: "That's pretty good; wonder what they'll do next."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

HER STOCKINGS.—The other day a groceryman at Vallejo gave a large party, at which the daughter of the carriage-painter who lived next door created a decided sensation. It was not that she was more handsomely attired than the other ladies present, but that when she gyrated in the "dance of death" she was observed to display the only pair of pink silk stockings in the room. She left the house for a few moments at the expiration of the dance, and in the next waltz exhibited a pair of light-blue dittoes. An hour later her crushed and exasperated female friends beheld these supplemented by further hose of a delicate chocolate shade. And so it went on until her miserable rivals determined to follow her the next time she disappeared. They traced her to her father's paint shop in the back yard, where she was discovered, brush in hand, and about ornamenting her nether extremities with a final artistic coat of light salmon. The exulting spies rushed back with the damaging news, but it was too late. The men were all too tight to understand, the music had gone home, and the lights were being put out. Thus it is that fraud and duplicity triumph, while honest simplicity walks around with a darn on its calf and a hole in its heel.

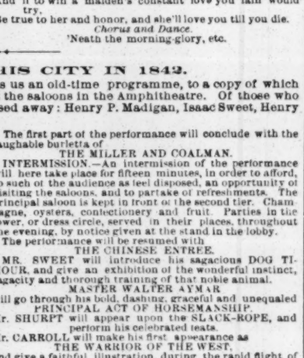
DEM DAYS AM PASSED FOREVERMORE.

BY J. D. NEPPERT JR.

I'm an ole an' aged darky from good ole Tennessee,
Dat's where you find the sugar cane and corn;
Dar's what twenty years ago I used de rake and hoe,
An' worked all de day from early morn;
Dar's what every night, when de moon was shining bright,
We used to gather round the cabin door;
De darkies all would sing, an' make de banjo ring,
But, alas! dem days am passed forevermore.
Chorus.
Oh, lonely an' forsaken, oft do my thoughts awaken,
An' in dreams I see de place I so adore;
All am quiet 'mong de corn, what de darky he was born,
An' dem good ole days am passed forevermore.

Oh, I'm trablin' night an' day to my home so far away,
For once more to gaze upon de ole plantation;
An' wid ole Aunty Chloe, whose hair am white as snow,
To wander among de darky nation.
It almost broke my heart when we was torn apart,
An' dey sent me away to a far-off shore;
But once more before I die my banjo I will try,
An' sing de songs so dear to me of yore.
Chorus.
Oh, lonely and forsaken, oft do my thoughts awaken,
An' in dreams I see de place I so adore;
All am quiet 'mong de corn, what de darky he was born,
An' dem good ole days am passed forevermore.

JEM BAGGS.



If anybody can gaze on the figure of Mr. Baggs and fail to feel his heart warm with sympathy, he must be a person in whom the milk of humanity has been skimmed. Mr. Baggs is a most deserving object of charity. He is poor, friendless and blind. He has nobody to care for him except his dog. That faithful animal does not appear to the best advantage in the accompanying illustration, partly because he is soaked with the rain, and partly because his face is hidden from view. He is really a noble dog, and in his earlier days was as trim and graceful as one of Ed. James' fancy terriers. Like Baggs himself, the dog has learned the virtue of patience. Baggs is the most undeniably patient man that ever lived. Early in the morning—as soon as he becomes blind—he wanders forth into the streets, and, taking his position in front of a house, begins to play upon his clarionet. It is a wonderful instrument—Baggs' clarionet—and he plays it in a wonderful manner. Sometimes the occupants of the house pretend that they do not hear him, and sometimes they put their heads out of the window and tell him to go away; but Baggs keeps right on playing. Sooner or later—usually sooner—the people in the house are wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that they cheerfully give him all their loose change on condition that he will stop playing. In this way Baggs and his dog earn an honest livelihood. They are at it now. In spite of the drenching rain, they will stand there until they get paid for moving. And they will continue this until evening, when Baggs will make his way to a public-house—three beds under the bar—and there cheer his soul with a little hot whiskey. By a strange freak of nature, Baggs is never blind after dark—except when he is blind drunk. It ought to be explained that Baggs and his dog are not the characters which suggested to Trowbridge his touching and popular poem "The Vagabonds."

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC and OPERATIC NOVELTIES

"LA PETITE MUETTE."

a new operetta by MM. Ferrier and Serpette, was recently brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens, Paris. A correspondent writes about it as follows: "The pretty Mercedes, wife of an old artillery general named Don Jose, has had the misfortune to become dumb the very day of her marriage, in consequence of a carriage-accident. Don Jose has consulted all the doctors in Spain, but not one of them can find a means of restoring speech to his charming spouse. At last he sends for a celebrated physician, who says: 'The remedy is a simple one; all Donna Mercedes requires is a ——. It is here that the difficulty of an explicit recital overcomes me, for I can hardly find terms in which to express the doctor's prescription without running the risk of shocking the reader's modesty. I shall, however, be understood, perhaps, when I mention that Don Jose is very old, and but indifferently preserved from the results of an extremely dissipated youth, and in consequence not a blossom has been plucked by her husband from the wreath of orange-blossoms which Mercedes wore on her wedding-day. Don Jose consoles himself for his conjugal misfortune by an ardent devotion to the science of gunnery, in which he at last makes such progress as to invent a cannon that is clearly destined to bring Spain back to her old place in the first rank of European nations. Unluckily, however, for his country and himself, the veteran artillerist is quite in the black books of the Prime-minister of the day. That statesman had indeed the sagacity to deprive Don Jose of the Governorship of Burgos, and shows still further his good sense by persistently neglecting to return any reports of the inventor. But one of Jose pesters him, applying for permission to present his new invention to the King. In his inability to make his wife speak, Don Jose seeks distraction by firing off his cannon all day long, at the risk of rendering poor little dumb Mercedes deaf as well. The dreadful activity of the newly-married couple remains in this incomplete state, when a dashing colonel of dragoons happens to see pretty Mercedes at her window, and, of course, at once tumbles over head and ears in love with her. This young officer, who is a nephew of the sensible Prime-minister already mentioned, at once asks his uncle to find some post at Court for the lady with whom he is smitten, and accordingly Don Gill, who never refuses one of his own family anything he asks for, nominates Mercedes 'reader' to the Infanta. You can imagine how Don Jose is embarrassed when he hears the nature of the duties his wife is expected to fulfill, and what vexation he feels at losing so favorable an opportunity of presenting his cannon to the King. Colonel Raphael, however, who, it must be confessed, is rather taken aback by the discovery that his inamorata is dumb, hits on a happy means of arranging matters to the satisfaction of all concerned. The latter can to pass off Mercedes' maid Casilda as Don Jose's wife, while her mistress will assume the clothes and station of her servant. To add to the perplexity of the situation, the Minister comes himself to conduct the new 'reader' to Court, in his own carriage. Don Jose, as he hands Casilda into the vehicle, asks Raphael in a whisper: 'What will become of my wife?' and the young colonel bids him be of good cheer, as he would take care of her. 'We shall follow them in the second carriage,' he adds. And the first act, the most successful, perhaps, of the three. The rest of the story can be easily guessed. Another carriage-accident has occurred, compelling Raphael and Mercedes to stop at a hotel, but Don Jose's charming wife is no longer dumb. The doctor who is summoned points out the danger of exciting the husband's suspicions by such a remarkable recovery of speech. Raphael promises this physician, in exchange for his silence, the appointment of twenty-fourth physician in ordinary to the King, and Mercedes is obliged to remain dumb as before in presence of her lord and master. A new cause of perplexity now arises. The disguised chambermaid, whom Don Jose had passed off as his wife, has not been taught to read, and the Minister proposes to take Mercedes in her place. She is not unsure to tell him that she is dumb, and so all leave once more for the Court. In the last act chance comes in the happiest way to aid the schemes of the lovers and bamboozle Don Jose. His famous cannon goes off at the moment when least expected, and Donna Mercedes' happy recovery of speech is attributed to the emotion caused by the sudden explosion. By singular good fortune, also, the missile with which the gun was loaded breaks the shafts of the King's carriage just as the horses are running away with his Majesty, and the monarch rewards his savior by reinstating him in the Governorship of Burgos. As for Mercedes, she will remain at Court to fulfill her duties as 'reader' to the six-months-old Infanta, by keeping that royal baby well supplied with toys." Madame Theo was the heroine.

"VOLTE-FACE."

a one-act piece in verse, by Emile Guiard, has been produced at the Theatre Francais, Paris. The plot is this: "An egotistical old uncle, M. Gaspard, and a crossgrained old aunt, Madame Ursule Algremont, do all in their power to prevent the marriage of a young widow, Blanche d'Abrincourt, with M. De Ternis. They persuade the lady that her intended is a scamp, embarrassed by debts, and worse than all, assert that he is a duelist. M. De Ternis has no difficulty in proving the first two accusations groundless, but as to the third, being unable to deny that he has 'gone out' more than once, the only way in which he can obtain pardon from Blanche is by solemnly promising that he will not fight a certain duel. This is just what is wanted by Ursule, who desires to obtain the hand of the pretty widow for her own brother. Instigated by his plotting sister, M. Charles provokes M. De Ternis in very insulting terms. Madame d'Abrincourt insists, of course, that her lover shall faithfully keep the promise he has made her, and, though chafing under the insult, he pretends to bow meekly to her wishes. Soon, however, it is mooted all over Guerande, where the scene is laid, that M. De Ternis has not accepted the provocation given him, and unpleasant rumors and a good deal of malignant scandal to the disparagement of the gallant Ternis ensue. The impression becomes so general and so strong that it pains Madame d'Abrincourt herself; and here it is that the 'volte-face' takes place that furnishes a title to the little comedy. The widow is indignant at conduct which she had herself impressed on her lover. In a word, Blanche is on the point of losing completely her affection for Ternis when all is discovered. That gentleman has not, it is true, crossed swords with his insulter, but he has given M. Charles a sound drubbing, which that individual neither returned nor resented. Madame d'Abrincourt is fully satisfied that her lover has maintained his honor unsullied, and no further impediment will interfere with their marriage."

"THE QUEEN'S SHILLING,"

adapted from the French by G. W. Godfrey, was first acted at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, upon the occasion of Mrs. Kendal's benefit, Oct. 13. The story turns upon a young fellow whose extravagancies have procured for him exposition from the parental roof. He enlists in the Lancers, and is instrumental in rescuing from the obtrusive gallantry of his comrades a young lady who, happening to have been overtaken by a shower, has pro tem. donned the apparel of a barmaid, and in this masquerade, out of pure love of fun, plays upon the customers. Esmonde (such is the hero's name in the regiment) accepts the invitation of a friend to a ball at a neighboring country-house. There he meets his supposed barmaid, who perceives in him the Lancer of the morning. The colonel of Esmonde's regiment is paying his addresses to the young lady, and this leads to a quarrel between him and Esmonde, and subsequently to a duel, in which the latter is wounded. In the final act we find the colonel's suspicions aroused by the similarity between a soldier (Esmonde) and his opponent of the previous evening.

"THE COLORADO BEETLE,"

a farce by W. Minto, has succeeded "Guinea Gold" at the Prince's Theatre, London, Eng. The story is thus told: "Mr. Hatter is a retired tradesman, with a mania for introducing Rio Janeiro potatoes. His daughter, Evelyn, is a romantic young lady, who has given her heart to the poor but devoted Harry Trivett. The old man is decidedly opposed to their union, and neither prayers, nor protestations, nor arguments are of enough to move him. What these cannot effect the Colorado beetle can. A paragraph that has appeared in the papers, announcing the arrival of the noxious little stranger, arouses in the bosom of old Hatter the worst fears for his darling potatoes, and when the artful Harry Trivett brings the news that he has actually seen it in Hatter's garden, the enthusiastic cultivator of 'spuds' is at once up in arms. The policeman is called in, the firearms are brought out, and the intruder must be captured at any cost. Would you give your daughter to the man who caught that beetle?' asks Harry. 'Would I? Aye, twenty daughters,' is the response. 'Well, one will be quite enough,' says the lover; and we suppose that it will be readily guessed that, he being the captor, the lovers are made happy, with the orthodox and parental 'Bless you, my children.'"

EDWIN ADAMS AS ARMAND DUVAL.

Joseph M. Sloan, who is now a pantomimist, but fifteen years ago was an actor in this and other cities, writes us from Philadelphia: "I send you a bill of a performance to which you referred in the sketch of Edwin Adams published on Sept. 29. I also give you a list of such members of the stock company as I know to be dead, viz., Messrs. Barth, Young and Ferris, and Mrs. Thayer." W. H. Paul, who had been the agent of Barney Williams, went to the Walnut for the first time during the season of 1863-4. He is dead, as also is Dr. William P. Cunnington, for many years a musical magnate in Philadelphia. Miss Cornelia Jefferson has but recently returned from Europe. She has, however, long been in retirement, as likewise has Mrs. M. A. Garretson. Sam Hemple, H. L. Bascomb, J. S. Wright, E. L. Tilton and W. H. Bailey are still in harness, as possibly are the Misses Browning and Perry as well. The underlined new play failed to make any impression among the sobersides of the Quaker City, and was not a mint in any other quarter. Matilda Heron, who "starred" in it, died in this city on March 7 last.

WALNUT-STREET THEATRE.
Lessee.....Mrs. M. A. Garrettson
Stage-manager.....Mr. E. L. Tilton
Business-manager.....W. H. Paul
Musical Director.....Dr. Cunnington
Triumphant success of the twin stars,
MATILDA HERON AND EDWIN ADAMS,
who will appear this
THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 15, 1863,
for positively the last time, in Matilda Heron's excellent translation of
CAMILLE, OR THE FATE OF A COQUETTE.

Camille, Miss Matilda Heron	Armand Duval, Mr. E. Adams
Count de Varville,	Servant, Mr. Rudolph
Mr. J. S. Wright	Mme. Prudence, Mrs. Thayer
Mons. Duval, Mr. B. Young	Olympe, Miss Browning
Gaston, Mr. H. L. Bascomb	Nanine, Miss C. Jefferson
Gustave, Mr. J. Ferris	Michette, Miss Perry

Act I.—March. THE SUPPER.
Act II.—April. THE PLEDGE OF LOVE.
Act III.—August. THE SACRIFICE.
Act IV.—October. THE FETE.
Act V.—Winter. THE ELEVENTH HOUR.
Orchestra.....under the direction of Dr. Cunnington.
To conclude with the laughable farce of
SKETCHES IN INDIA.

Tom Tape,	Mr. S. Hemple
with imitations of celebrities of the American stage.	
Sir Matthew Scraggs,	Servant, Mr. Davids
W. H. Bailey	Lady Scraggs, Mrs. Thayer
Count Glorieux, J. S. Wright	Sallie Scraggs,
Dorrington, J. Ferris	Miss C. Jefferson
Milton, Mr. Barth	Poplin, Miss Perry

TO-MORROW, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16,
BENEFIT OF MATILDA HERON,
when will be produced an entirely new play, by Charles Gayler, Esq., written expressly for Matilda Heron, entitled
ASPASIA.

ANOTHER ION IN PANTS.

Reviewing the play of "Ion" in our paper of Oct. 27, we remarked that the Count Joannes is probably the only male who ever impersonated the role in this country. The chief object of that qualified statement was to ascertain whether or not Macready, who was the original in England, had played it in the South or the Southwest. It is not likely that he did. Mr. Harry Seymour writes that he himself was quite popular in the part, and acted it with considerable success in different cities. Below is the cast, furnished from memory, as it was played at the Bowery Theatre, this city, July 24, 1853:

Ion, Harry Seymour	Cleon, J. Reed
Adrastus, R. Johnston	Cythes, Mr. Goulden
Medon, Mr. Macdonald	Cassander, Mr. Marsh
Agenor, S. W. Glenn	Clemanthe,
Parthenis, Mr. Bradshaw	Leucon, Miss Amelia Parker
Ctesiphon, A. H. Davenport	Irus, Miss H. Secor
	(Our Dolly.)

MISS LACY OF COVENT-GARDEN.

The appended note also refers to our review of "Ion." We were not in doubt as to Miss Helen Faucit, and said all that, inasmuch as her name is liable to come up frequently, we then wished to say. Of the identity of Miss Lacy we were in doubt, and still are, spite of the kindly offices of our correspondent:

WINDSOR, Ont., Oct. 26, 1877.

DEAR SIR: I can tell you as to one or two persons in the profession, you seem to be doubtful of. The Miss Lacy of Covent-garden was a sister of Thos. Hailes Lacy, the publisher, and afterwards Mrs. Lovell—authoress of "Ingomar," and a very fine actress in her day. Helen Faucit is Mrs. Theodore Martyn (he is "Bon Gaultier"), sister of the late Mrs. Humphrey Bland, who died in Boston some years ago. Faithfully yours, JOSEPH S. LEE.

The Miss Lacy of the "Ion" bill was doing minor business at Covent-garden for several years after 1836. The Miss Maria Anne Lacy who became Mrs. G. V. Lovell was a leading tragic actress as early as 1822. In 1833 she was playing at Covent-garden as Mrs. Lovell (see Amusement Annals No. XXXII, Sept. 1, 1877, for her Emilia in "Othello" at Edmund Kean's last appearance), shortly afterward she retired from the stage. She died on April 2 last, aged nearly seventy-four years.

THE LATE G. L. FOX.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* You state that George L. Fox made his first appearance in your city on Nov. 25, 1830, as Christopher Strap in "A Pleasant Neighbor;" that he first figured in pantomime in "The Golden Axe" in December, 1850. All the other papers agree that he made his debut in your city in 1851, in "The Demon of the Desert;" that he was a native, and disciple of the late Manager Dave Anderson, and that the first appeared in pantomime in 1851, in "The Magic Hands." I am certain that it was in 1851 that he first appeared in the Bowery Theatre, being billed as "his first appearance, G. L. Fox," in "The Demon of the Desert." Respectfully,
AN OLD ACTOR.

This gives us an opportunity to make certain statements for which there was not room in the sketch published last week, and to explain others. The deceased made his first appearance in this city on Monday night, Nov. 25, 1850, at the Chatham Theatre, "playing the people in" as Christopher Strap in "A Pleasant Neighbor." The stage-manager was not David Anderson, who still lives, but James Anderson, who is dead. Instead of being disgusted, the stage-manager pronounced Fox a hit, as he certainly was. On the following night, as Tobias Shortcut in "The Spitfire," he "played the people out." Occupying a central position on both nights, and for many nights thereafter, was the musical spectacle of "The Magic Well, or the Fairy of the Desert," and in that Mr. Fox played Giles Washbud, Quickset's Yorkshire servant. This "Magic Well" was the then eighteen year-old "Demon of the Desert." This it will be seen that, while he did not make his metropolitan debut, the "Demon," he still played in it on the night of that debut. But he was not then G. L. Fox in the bills. He was billed first as Lafayette Fox, afterwards as L. Fox, next as G. W. L. Fox, and finally as G. L. Fox. On Tuesday, Dec. 24, 1850, when Bill Thompson brought out "The Golden Axe" for the holidays, Fox appeared in pantomime, playing the Farmer to Thompson's Caleb. On or about Feb. 28, 1851, he first appeared in burlesque; and a well-remembered one it is—"Pizarrobus, or Who Shot Bolibus?" Mr. Fox played Pizarrobus, "The Coarse-haired Brothers," founded upon the Bowery Theatre success of "The Corsican Brothers," was Mr. Fox's next notable venture in the burlesque line.

ENOCH ARDENS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1877.

DEAR SIR:—Please allow me to correct a mistake in this week's CLIPPER. In speaking of the late Mr. Adams' career, you speak of his playing Enoch Arden at Booth's Theatre as "not being the version by Arthur Matthison which was played at Booth's by Joseph Wheelock." Mr. Wheelock never played Enoch Arden at Booth's. It was the late Hamilton who performed the Sailor-knight, while Miss Bateman was playing there. Mr. Wheelock first appeared at Booth's September, 1872.

Yours truly, HARRY C. FISK.

409 Fourth avenue.

We thank Mr. Fisk for endeavoring to set us right. Unfortunately for our peace of mind, it was not necessary. The "bits of biography" had no sooner gone to press than in our "mind's eye" we saw two errors. We knew that we should have written "Theodore Hamilton," and remembered that we had not mentioned his name; and we also remembered that the banquet at the Indianapolis Hotel was given on Feb. 3, 1864, and that we had written "1863," and had altered Edwin Adams' birthday to correspond. It was the thirtieth anniversary of his birthday that was celebrated by the banquet, and consequently he was (as stated in the biography of him in our issue of Sept. 29) born on Feb. 3, 1834. It was an unparalleledly busy week, there was little time to review what had been written, and no time at all to digest it. This should plead in our behalf, and let us down gently.

MISS MARIE WILLIAMS,

whose portrait appears on our first page, made her American debut in the Lyceum Theatre, in this city, Nov. 2, 1874, as a member of Emily Soldene's Opera-bouffe Company, impersonating the character of Christine, one of the maids of honor in "Genevieve de Brabant." After making a tour of this country, she returned to England and not seen in the provinces. While in Manchester she achieved success as a burlesque actress, besides gaining some reputation for light-comedy characters. On April 2, 1877, she joined the Lydia Thompson Troupe at the Folly Theatre, London, and has since been a prominent member of that organization. She is a blonde, graceful in figure, piquant and attractive in manner, and sings and dances well.

FRAU MARGUERITE STOCKHAUSEN.

This concert-vocalist of a past age died at Colmar on Oct. 6. She was an Alsacienne by birth, and was almost contemporaneous with the beginning of the present century. She was eminent in England from 1830 to 1842, notwithstanding that she was environed by such notabilities in the world of song as Malibran, Clara Novello, Grisi, Caradori and Persiani. She studied under Ciaruffo, was married to Franz Stockhausen the harp-player, and thus became the mother of Jules Stockhausen the baritone, who survives her. Her age was seventy-four years.

REPAIRING A LEAK.

During the rainy spell last week Mr. Swan made up his mind early one morning to repair a leaky place near the chimney on his roof, and set about arranging a barrel on the top of a dry-goods box in the rear and lowest part of his building. He then cautiously climbed up on the barrel, and from thence to the roof, knocking the barrel from the box in the act, leaving Mr. Swan alone on the back fence. He hadn't said anything to his wife about it, and when that good woman came out soon afterwards and found a clumsy box standing over the large cistern, she proceeded at once to remove it, and also the cover to the cistern, wishing to see how it fared during so much rain, and Mr. Swan, who was singing softly to himself as he made his examinations above, took no notice of her. She was about closing the cistern again when she caught sight of Mr. Swan moving about in the most reckless kind of a way, and uttered a slight scream. Mr. S. crawled to the edge of the roof and looked down upon her.

"What's up?" he asked briefly.

"Why, Joseph," she gasped, "I—I—be careful!"

"Pooh!" said the confident Joseph, "who's afraid?" and he crawled back to the chimney again, while Mrs. Swan proceeded into the house.

The roof, being wet, was exceedingly slippery, and when Mr. Swan began his descent he proceeded with the utmost caution. When he neared the place where he got up, he turned around, and, lying on his stomach, he pushed his feet slowly over the edge. Soon his only support was his elbows, and as he felt them slipping slowly from beneath him, his legs began to gyrate in a painful manner, and "I guess he went clear to the bottom," said the man who lives next door. "He got out o' there sudden, and looked kinder dazed like; then he threw his hammer agin the fence and went into the house. Then he came out and kicked his dog onto a flower-stand, and chased it out of the back gate for howling. Oh, he was mad I know, 'cause when his wife talked to him at night he broke four chairs and a table, and I didn't get any sleep till two o'clock. She told my wife she was going back to her mother, and the shutters are closed, and my wife says they aint been married a year. I guess he's a dang fool, but then that cistern is about ten foot deep."—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

BASEBALL.

THE CINCINNATI CLUB RECORD.

The professional club of Cincinnati for 1877 has met with no more success than did the club team of 1876. Incompetent management was the cause of its failure from the Spring of 1876 to the month of June, 1877. The first team of the Cincinnati Club, which played from April until the middle of June, was as follows: Hicks, c.; Mathews, p.; Jones, 1st b.; Hallinan, 2d b.; Foley, 3d b.; Booth, s. s.; Cuthbert, l. f.; Pike, c. f.; Addy, r.

THEATRICAL RECORD,

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 5.

LADIES'.

Atkinson, Maude
Anson, Nellie
Allen, Mrs. Henry T.
Antonio, Tillie
Adams, Jessie (variety "biz")
Ackerman, Irene
Allen Mrs. J. Sc.
Bertha, Mlle. (late of Boylston Mus.)
Blitz, Mrs. Jerome
Berlotti, Bertha
Bosheil, Louise 5c.
Burdeau, Mrs. Jane
Ousbing, Belle
Clifton, Ida
Coventry, Julie
Carlyewart, Minnie
Cummings, Minnie
Case, Cora
Chapman, Ella (of Thompson's Co.)
Crabtree, Lotta (2)
Coney, Mrs. P.
Cushman, Alice (of Fortescue's Co.)
Christie, Frankie
Cohn, Mrs. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Chase, Ida W.
Carleton, Irene
Claire, Annie
Drayton, Alice
Dancon, Hettie
Deland, Annie
Davenport, Mrs. E. L.
Duvall, Eloise (late of Orrin Bros. Co.)
Dimple, Dottie (not Dollie)
Delange, Minnie
Eagan, Mrs. H. W.
Eytinge, Rose
France, Mrs. Shirley.
Fox, Annie (3)
Fisher, Kate
Farrell, Minnie (Fay Sisters
Granger, Maude (2)
Gray, Minnie Oscar
Guy, Mamie (of Guy Family)
Gray, Maggie (vocalist)
Granger's Dram. Co., Agt. Anna Gorman, Lottie
Granville, Gertie
Gleason, Alice (vocalist) 6c.
Gresham, Tillie (2)
Hindle, Annie
Howard, May
Howard, Maud (2)
Hoffman, Emma
Herbert, Florence
Healy, Mrs. J. R.
Harris, Mrs. F.
Hewitt, Rosa
Hall-Weaver, Mrs Ida
Howard, Jessie
Hastings, Kate (of Birming, Eng.)
Johnson, Mamie (of Globe Co.)
Johnson, Kittie (of Globe Co.)
Knight, Fannie (of Fortescue's Co.)
Kittell, Lizzie
Knight, Fannie (vocalist)
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
Latour, Lizzie
Love Sisters
Lucille, Fannie
Lawton, Minnie
Leon, Mrs. Nellie E.
Le Brun, Marie
Murray, Mr. Hen rietta
Morello, May
Moore, Clara
Moore, Mary A. (trapezist)
Markoe, Dasie
McDonald, Nellie (vocalist)
May or Fannie Brown, Fannie
Morse, Mrs. Mary
Markhes, Pauline
McGowan, Alice
Monk, Minnie
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Oakes, Mrs. J. A.
Parker, Lizzie & Georgie
Parker, Nellie
Rinehart, Bertie
Robinson, Lizzie (of Robin. Family)
Robinson, Mrs. Harry
Robinson Family
Russell, Laura
Richmond, Adah
Sc.
Sanville, Tillie (Lilliputian)
Scott, Nellie
St. John, Lizzie Ines
Selwyn, Blanche
Thomaso, Hilda (2)
Thatcher, Mrs. Alla
Thorne, Sr., Mrs. Chas. H.
Ura, Mlle.
Vernon, Trixie (vocalist)
Williams, Gussie
Warren, Mrs. Agnes
Wambold, Mrs. Lottie
Winnett, Lottie
Wade, Hattie
Wilson, Mollie
Waldro, Lizzie
Zephy, Millie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

"A. Z."
Adair, Thos. J. (2)
Alo, Frank
Alonzo, F. (gymnast)
Ainsley, Ned
Ackerman, C. J.
Avery, Frank, (late of Baltimore)
Ashley, John W.
Allen, (dentist of Gt. Eastern Cir.)
Arbuckle, O. S.
Almonte, Fred.
Andrus, Chas. Prof.
Birdsell, C. F.
Bray, W. H. (Dutch "biz")
Brett, W. R.
Barnum's Manager, P. T.
Blackford, J. J.
Bush, I. T.
Brown, H. (stage manager)
Barlow, Geo. (agent)
Boone, Ned (of Boone Bros.)
Bardwell, Fred.
Blanchett, C. E.
Barlow, Wilson & Hidden
Brooks, Lew (candy "biz")
Bret Harte, F.
Bowmen, Ben F 9c.
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Wade)
Blanchard, E. D.
Barnum, P. T.
Blackford, Jas. (musician)
Butler, Robt.
Cooper, Harry
Cleary, Ned
"C. F." (6)
Center, Melbourne
Cushman, Frank (minst. "biz")
Cronin, J. (of Tierney & Cronin)
Carter, Billy
Chabert, Charles (2)
Crandell, H.
Catlett, Lew
Connors & Kelly
Collins, Jas.
Cross, John (of Wallace-Villa Co.)
Callicott, H. W.
Chanfrau, F. S.
Coon, Chas.
Cairncross & Dixey's Minstrels
Cody, W. F.
Cambridge, Arthur
Cole, Sam (banjoist)
Connelly, Chas. M.
Carroll, Zack
Chalet, Prof. (of London Cir.)
Cunningham, Friday
Casely, G. H.
Crosby, Chas.
Cowthorne, Arthur
Delehanty & Hen ler
Draper, S. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Dupreze & Benedict, Manager
Devonair, Peter
Dumont, Frank (2)
Drew, Charlie
Drew, J. (of Kirk Drew)
"Derfla"
Dockstader, Chas. R.
Emmerson & Clark
Everett, Geo.
Ellis, C. H. (with Barnum)
Edwards, H. (of Ghost Show)
Ernl, Sig. (gymnast)
Emidy, E. S.
Earle, E. T. (song-and-dance)
France, Sid C (2)
Fuller, Hugh H.
Fulton, T. (of Fulton & Mallory)
Fleury, Fernando
Fostelle, Chas.
Forepaugh, Adam
France, Geo (2)
Fontaine, Wm.
Fortescue, Geo.
Fortesti, Owen
George, Frank
Goodman, Hank
Guy, Sr., Geo. (2)
Gorman, J. (of Ida Cerito's Co.)
Grover, Leonard
Giovanni, Sig.
Girard Bros. (clogists)
Gaylord, Chas.
Gillman, Thos (musician)
Gooch, E. T.
Head, H. C.
Hall, Alf. E.
Hayle, Billy
Homan, Chas. W.
Howard, T. C.
Hunter, G. W.
Hughes, R.
Hughes, M. (of Gr. Cent. The., Phila.)
Hall, E. M.
Hayden, W. R. (agent)
Healy, J. E.
Howard, Rollin
Hall, G. A.
Hogan, J. (of Blood-stock Illust.)
Hill Robt. Sam.
Hayes, P. (of Cole's Cir.)
Hudson, Frank (Dutch "biz")
Harrison, Frank (comed.)
Hill, Harry
Hawley & Noon
Hogan & Lord
Huber & Glidden
Hughes, Mark
Hamilton, Theodore
Hawley, Frank (song and dance)
Harrison, G. (of Two Orphans Co.)
Holditon & Wallace
Jones, Frank (comed.)
Jackson's Printing Co.
Jeffrey & Coyle
Jasper, Milton
Kelly & Neary (2)
Kinslow, J. H.
Kirally Bros.
Kunkell, Geo.
Kemble, Peter J
Kernell, H. (of Holliday at., Th. Balt.)
Kavanagh & Moran
Kelly & Ryan
Kelly, E. (of Kelly & Leon)
King, Mr. (agent)
Kelly, J. (of Kelly & Neary)
Kelly & Nean
Kline, Sam
Kemble, C. W.
Liston, Hudson
Little, Dick
Lewis, J. Warren
Lester, H. (of Lester & Williams)
Laugdon, W. H.
Lord, Chas. E.
Look, D. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Lenia, John, (of German Op Co.)
Liley, Chas.
Leon, Wm. S.
Laffin, J. M.
Lauth, Peter
Vandenhoff, Wm.
Van Wormer, G. H.
Vanetti Bros.
Westfall, C. H.
White, Archie
Walters, C. E. (of Walters & Morton)
Walton, W. J. (2)
Wilson & Allen, G.
Williams, J. (Lancashire Lad)
Ward, W. H. (of Dupree & Ben Minst.) (2)
Walling, D. (of Reynolds & Walling)
Williams, A.
Woods, J. H. (late of Jackson, Tenn.)
W. C. M. (2)
Wingfield, John (2)
Weston, S. (of Clayton & Weston)
Wright, Frank, E. K.
Watson, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Wicks, J. (of "Con tinental 4")
Wade, Geo. of Barnum's Cir.)
Wylie, L. H.
Williams, Gus
Wood & West
Zanfretta, Mr.
Zavistowski, Mons.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Nov. 5, '77.

This is "Just before the battle, mother," as the ballad-makers so feelingly said when they alluded to the situation on the eve of some great clash of arms, and shock of war's alarums! Well, we are ready for another struggle, but in this instance the ballot takes the place of the bullet, and the killed and wounded will be toted up Salt River instead of being made unpalatable food for the early worm. All we know about it is that the Seventh District is the chosen battle-ground, and that Generals Schell and Morrissey are to head the contending forces to victory or to death, with victory for first choice, and death for the heroic hosts of a forlorn hope. We know that each commander has mapped out his policy of offence and defence, and we know that the last cards of a dastard foe are in the hands of the printer, who will see that the honest convictions of our great leaders are scattered broadcast throughout the "infected district." "Our Jim" seems to have been reconnoitering up there, for he declares that he witnessed many ducats in course of rapid transitu, but that not even a paper dollar crossed his palm; but this latter statement lacks confirmation. Of course the election excitement somewhat demoralizes trade in theatricals, and our managers wisely refrain from indulging in denouncing elections as an unnecessary evil, and uniting in the opinion that, if people will persist in holding elections, they should select hot weather to settle their disputes, when the theatres are shut up. This is sound doctrine, and we give it our hearty approval. One word ere we be part. If you must vote, let your word be "*For Joseph!*" [It means, Jimmy, "Voice of the people."].... We have been considerably harassed by the receipt of several communications last week in reference to an article which appeared in THE CLIPPER, dated Oct. 27, about the courageous act of a wild-beast tamer, who, in a moment of danger, saved his own life by immolating on the altar of his heroic deeds a "small boy." We thought that the harrowing story, as we gave it, was sufficiently clear and succinct, but we were mistaken in our estimate of the average intelligence of our invaluable readers. We have not room for the entire collection of curiosities of literature which have inundated us in the interest of the martyred one, but we have selected two of the most interesting of the series, assuring our friends that just as they are given below so they reached us:

DEAR SIR.—In CLIPPER of Oct. 27 regard Lion-Tamer's feat in California we disputed, and ask you if the Boy passed through the bars was a child being (human). If so, what redress would parents of Child have in the Lion Tamer and Proprietor of the show? Would the act of Feeding child to Lion be murder on part of Tamer (Performer)? Or was it a prepared something commonly used by Lion Performers and not a child Boy? Resp., J. M. C——.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 29, '77.

ANSWER.—According to our understanding of the article it was a *real* boy who was thus sacrificed; but we cannot see that the performer or proprietor of the show can be held for murder, because it was a case of life or death with Lion Tamer, and, in our opinion, it was a happy thought that suggested the passing in of the child; in so far as the small boy is of no earthly use whatever, and the feeding of him to hungry lions is rather to be commended by society than denounced. Therefore, if the act *was* murder, it was justifiable under the circumstances, and the perpetrators of the heroic deed should be held blameless. Probably now give a second letter, which takes a somewhat different view of the matter, but every word of which is like virgin gold:

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 28, '77.

EDITOR CLIPPER:—In your last issue I noticed an article about a child being handed in to a "lion-tamer," while his life was in danger—he escaped. Now, please let your Cleveland readers know "What became of the Boy?"

Respectfully yours, SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—This "gets us where the hair is short," as it might be, and we scarce dare venture an intelligent solution of our "Subscriber's" conundrum. If the child was like the average boy of *this* city, his chance for climbing the golden stairs were few and far between; but if, on the other hand, the male offspring was of a pious turn of mind, the good boy, in fact, of our Sabbath-school books, of the want-to-be-an-angel stripe, if we may so qualifiedly arrange it, then it is quite probable what was left of him—after the lion had finished his repast—soared on angelic wings to realms of endless bliss; and this, we admit, is the most charitable view to take of it, and we give the ill-fated boy the benefit of the doubt..... In a recent London paper we find the following remarkable statement: "The father of the late Mlle. Titiens was a lighterman." Why not give his exact weight, while about it, and enlighten the public as to the names of the parties than whom he was a lighter man. If a thing is worth recording at all, it should be recorded correctly..... How our soul burned within us when we read, the other day, that an unfortunate variety performer in Chicago had been "roasted"—we adopt the classic language of the Chicago journal—"roasted out of forty dollars while intoxicated." Yes, and the heartless editor went on to add that this roasted performer was a "ham." James, turn the crank while our pent-up feelings find utterance:

WHY HE WAS ROASTED.
Now did he act unruly,
And take too big a dram,
Or did they roast him truly
Because he was a ham?

.....We are captured at last—that is, metaphorically. So long as the sensational variety theatres announced only a *hundred* of the handsomest women in the world, we withstood the temptation. But now one of them comes out with the independent declaration that it has one hundred and *one* of the h. w.! We repeat that this captures us. We are done, so to speak, in the odd one..... Not to interrupt the thread of this discourse, when we get Cleopatra's Needle—and it is needleless to explain that we *shall* get it some time—wouldn't it be eminently appropriate to erect it in front of Egyptian Hall?..... That leads us naturally and gracefully to the subject of Hall. Yes; Oakey is with us once more. We knew he would be. We always declared that he would come back, and, confident in that belief, we prepared this little gem months ago:

WHY HE WENT.
If you would care to know the cause
Of Oakey's exploration,
The reason of his going was
A mere Hall-ucination!

.....For straight-out, thorough-going democracy —James, if the compositor sets that up with a big D you will be held responsible and d—d accordingly—where were we? Yes—for straight-out democracy, commend us to the advertising columns of our daily newspapers. 'Twas there the other day that we saw the Rev. Joseph Cook sandwiched between a minstrel performance and a fancy-dress ball! All under the general head of "Amusements," you know..... We should really feel under obligations to the managers of the American Institute if they would explain what they mean by announcing "the speaking telephone without charge." The telephone, as everybody knows, works by electricity, and how is it going to operate *without a charge?* [This is not very funny, but it is scientific.]..... Clara Morris performed a graceful act—hold on a moment. Doesn't Clara always perform her acts gracefully? Of course! What we wanted to say, however, is that Miss Morris performed an especially graceful act when she volunteered her services in behalf of the Custer monument fund. If the performance of "Jane Eyre" doesn't call forth a crowded house somebody will be to blame, for this is the first time that New York has been offered Eyre Clara-fied! [The indulgent reader will read that "air clarified."—ED.].... We are assured on the authority of a straight-out exchange that the Rev. Joseph Roberts of Newburg, N. Y., became the mother of three boys last Friday week. Just so; and perhaps the happy *(?)* father doesn't feel *stuck up* about it, either. Wonder if it *paste* to have such a plethoriciness all at once! For *father* particulars see *small Bills*.

.....Ever since we heard Zelda Harris in "The Chimes of Normandy" we find ourself whistling "Dingle, dingle, dong," the first thing in the morning and the last at night; it's dingle here, and dong there, and dingle dingle everywhere. In fact, we don't know when we do it. Like it was with the bad boy in school, we whistles itself.....If it wasn't for "False Shame," it is quite likely that "Baby" would follow "Marriage," always provided "That Little Dutch Mine" doesn't get a "Divorce."..... And here we desire to say that the Clara Morris benefit in aid of the Custer Monument Fund takes place at Wallack's on Thursday afternoon, 8th inst. Had he been alive, Custer would have blessed'm for the act..... You remember what we said last week about the *un*-armed Devil in "Two Orphans"? Well, strangely enough, the versatile programmer this week converts it into an "enormous man destroying *arms thirty feet long*." And that's about the long and short of it. "Paste this in your hat."..... One of the most foolishest things we ever heard of was the attempt to steal an elephant belonging to a menagerie. Now, what would they have done with such a big thing as that? Some people have queer tastes, sure enough. But nobody made any such attempt—it was a newspaper gag..... "Helen's Babies" at the San Francisco Minstrels, and "Ellen's Babies" at Bryant's. That might be called a difference..... And speaking of aspirations—the little aspiration, James—we are reminded of the fact that Dan Harkins is aspiring to the laurels of Forrest. In these degenerate days can we hope that the lusty virtues of "Jack Cade" will be appreciated? Or have we grown so fond of bro-cade and embroidery that we must regard popular taste as a barri-cade to the success of the old plays?..... They have been playing "Eine Resolute Frau" at the Germania Theatre. It happens, sometimes, that a frau is so exceedingly resolute that eine is quite enough to raise the duece. [*Note by the translator*—"Eine" in German means one, as eins beer, for instance.]..... The dime entertainments at the Cooper Institute appear to be growing in popularity. Last night they gave a sacred concert up there and charged only ten cents admission—which goes to prove that the interest in such things is not dime-inshing. .....While we are waiting for somebody to tell us what a comedy is, we must content ourselves with a continuation of French's importations served up with a flavoring of English sauce. In the air is the odor of a coming something under the title of "The Mother's Secret." With a view to satisfying public curiosity, we take time by the forelock, which is the only orthodox manner of taking time, and proceed to explain what is

THE MOTHER'S SECRET.
The secret she keeps and nobody knows,
Not even the children who often have wept—
The secret she vows she'd never disclose
Is where the raspberry jam is kept!

.....Surely it is a sign of improvement when we find contributors to the New York press talking of having "closed for repairs" in some far Western city. Time was when the unfortunate ones had to walk every stitch of the way, and carry their own baggage, if some rapacious landlord had not fastened on to it..... Instead of fussing around the election polls on Tuesday night, our friends would consult their interests by visiting some cheerful place of amusement. If they happened to be in the vicinity of a polling shanty, and in a moment of absent-mindedness cries for three cheers for the wrong man, his chances of recovering from the injuries received will be very slight indeed. Remember, if you get smashed, that we warned you..... Somebody will be trying to steal Rockrill next! Better look out, and fasten her up well. There's a good deal of nefarious competitiveness going on just now, and there's no telling where the next foraging party may strike..... Let's give Mary Anderson a hearty welcome next Monday night, when she makes her metropolitan bow at the Fifth-avenue. The lady has a good laughing, working her way along on her own merits and her pretty face, and we must encourage her all we can, else the gallant sons of the sunny South will taunt us for our want of gallantry. If it wasn't that Fortune has fastened us in the editorial groove, we should certainly be a playactor, and as the curtain fell the other night we felt like about that Lake of Como. Claude acted rather small in that affair, didn't he?..... Isn't it a little odd that we should have the "Byron Belles" Combination and the Milton Nobles' Combination?—that is *no belles?* And yet, come to think of it, Byron was more given to belles than Milton, whose mind was that, like the —Para-dice. The temptation is strong to add that the reason why the poet's *pair o' dice lost* was doubtless because the other fellow shook three sixes!..... Now we've fallen upon a nut for the critics to crack! According to the bills, Niblo's Garden is presenting a "grand operatic spectacular drama." We want to know what this means. Is an opera a spectacle, or is a spectacle a drama, or is a drama—how can an operacular spectatic, that is an opertacular specratic, or rather a dramacular operspectic—we are struggling to ask how such a thing as this can be a drama? Does it not indicate the decline of the modern stage? Or rather let us inquire, can anybody see through such spectacles as these? Let the critics answer!..... And touching this subject of answers, Mr. Boucicault must have found out by this time what a comedy is. At all events, his challenge has called forth a tempest of definitions. The juiceless lemon who has failed to find a manager willing to produce his own drama (efficient?) could write a comedy and a pair of scissors." Nonsense! Comedy is a piece of lacework. Does anybody dare to assert anything against "Mulligan's Guards?" Come, now, how is that for high—comedy?

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

John Brougham, George Rignold, Bessie Darling, and Gertrude Kellogg should blend their tears. All have been robbed of jewelry of late..... Mrs. J. R. Vincent of Boston has been sojourning in this city, as the guest of E. A. Sothern..... J. C. Williamson guarantees a small fortune to anyone who can write for himself and wife a play equal, in the essential purpose of a play, to "Struck Oil."..... The late Theodore Barriere had a dread of being buried alive, and used to visit different cemeteries with the view of ascertaining in which one a person could be entombed alive with greatest prospect of rescue..... At a seance held in Circle Hall, Philadelphia, on Oct. 31, the spirit of Lucille Westbrook was among those summoned. She was clad in white, had a spangled tiara upon her head, and more paint upon her face than she was ever known to have in life..... *Mirth*, the English magazine announced by us some time ago as to be started by Henry J. Byron, is now before the public. James Albery, the patriarchal J. R. Planche, George Augustus Sala and W. S. Gilbert are among the contributors..... Among the striking physiological facts disseminated by a tireless bureau of foreign correspondents for the American press is this: "Madeline Henriques (Mrs. Louis Aldrich, formerly Miss Madeline Bateman of London, Eng., is the mother of seven daughters, and the oldest has seen only eight Summers"..... A musical journal states that fifteen per cent. of the inmates of lunatic asylums are singers and this considering that become of the remaining eighty-five per cent. of singers and musicians?..... The late Edwin Adams was a poet in a modest sort of way, and wrote many verses full of tenderness with manliness..... The late Edward Dervient wrote a history of the German stage in fourteen volumes..... Charles A. Stevenson, having a few weeks ago consented to join Mrs. Caxton (of "The Two Orphans") in a tour according to a story from the South, consented to marry her. The legal battle between herself and her former husband ended a short time ago in a divorce without publicity..... P. T. Barnum would like to get rid of his ranch in Colorado..... Mr. and Mrs. Harold Power made their American debut at Chickering Hall, this city, on the night of November 3, in a lecture on "Lecturers" and "An Old Story Retold." The gentleman has been before the public about fifteen years, and is the second son of Tyrone Power who has visited this country professionally..... A San Francisco paper accuses George Sherman of having kissed Alice Harrison. There was a time when gore would have followed such a kiss..... For a week past the burlesque of "Helen's Babies" at Bryant's Opera-house has been a feature of the season. It appears that a gentleman who is drama-ising the original story is of the opinion that he alone has a proprietary right to the title, so far as stage representation is concerned, and an injunction was talked of. Meantime it continues "Helen's Babies" at the San Francisco Minstrels, and all last week "Helen's Babies" (a different sketch) was given at the Volks' Garden. What will Dampier, who soon begins in San Francisco, call his "Helen's Babies," originally produced some months ago in Australia, and which is a drama-tization of Habberton's story?..... The wondrously popular London pantomime of "Puss in Boots" we directed attention about six weeks ago, has called forth its sequel: "Why Don't You Let Emma Alone?" Another new one is "Jonathan, Joseph, Jeremiah, or the Man that was Named After Everybody"..... In the arrestorous scene of "The Rising Star," at the Theatre Comique, Nov. 3, a basket of flowers from the St. Nicholas Hotel was presented to Roscoe De Aubray (Ed. Harrigan)..... It is not unlikely that in the course of the engagement, beginning Nov. 12 at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, in which Mary Anderson will make her metropolitan debut, George Vandenhoff will reappear upon the stage as her special support..... Miss Amy Sheridan, who recently met with an accident while bathing, has rewarded her preserver by giving him her hand in marriage. A diver wedded to a Lady Godiva..... Adelaide Neilson has been entrancing the Liverpudlians. In Pittsburg this word would be interpreted as stirrers-up of liver which proves the absurdity of not saying "the people of Liverpool" when they are meant..... Offenbach is also off his feet. He has the gout..... The Girard Bros., those high-kickers whom the far-seeing Tony Pastor has unearthed, are suspected of being circus-performers in disguise. The original high-kicking Girards are in London, Eng..... "A King's Amours" is the seductive title of "a fairy comedy" in preparation at the Columbia Opera-house, this city. It is to succeed "The Artful Duchess." Where have the staid Knickerbockers of the Ninth Ward gone?..... Miss Katharine Rogers has been "suffering from diphtheria," or a painfully sore throat—two widely different things..... Bijou Heron has almost resolved to go to her father, in London, Eng., after the close of her present engagement. .....Miss Agnes Ethel is reported as being in Paris, France..... Miss Beatrice Strafford has returned to Europe. The little difficulty she had at rehearsal with "King Lear" Barrett, at Booth's Theatre, this city, last Winter, seems to have crushed her histrionic spirit..... Mlle. Titiens left $150,000 to her sister, with the reversion to her two nieces, one of whom is married..... Miss Hattie Richardson, this city, is 21..... and took rooms at the Sturtevant House..... Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Farjeon, son-in-law and daughter of Joseph Jefferson, and announced as having come to this country with him, about two weeks ago, actually arrived at this port on Oct. 30, in the steamer Italy. Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Rowe were in the same steamer.

CITY SUMMARY.

ACTING IN TWO CITIES ON THE SAME DAY.—The company of the Park Theatre, under the management of Henry E. Abbey, with E. A. Sothern as the star, left the Grand Central Depot at 11.35 P. M., on Tuesday, Oct. 30, for Boston, Mass., to perform in the Boston Theatre on the following day at a benefit given for the widow of Edwin Adams. The train arrived at the Summer-street station Oct. 31 at 9.50 A. M., being one hour and fifty minutes behind time. One cause of this delay was Senator Blaine of Maine, who, quite ill, was on his way home in Tom Scott's private car, which it was intended to attach to the train; but the coupling could not be made, so it was found necessary to make alterations which consumed much time. On arriving in Boston the entire party proceeded in carriages to the Boston Theatre, being compelled to decline a proffered banquet at the Parker House (which had been tendered them by the Macaroni Club), on account of their late arrival. At 10.30 A. M. the curtain was rung up for the performances of "The Crushed Tragedian," and the final curtain fell at 12.45 P. M. A detailed account of the performances, etc., may be found in our Boston correspondent's letter in this issue. The party then took carriages for the Air-line Depot, and at 1.04 P. M. the train left for New York City, where it arrived in the Grand Central Depot at 6.48 P. M. The railroad distance thus traveled each way was 214 miles. Mr. Sothern and the company performed the same piece at the Park Theatre that night, commencing at the usual hour. It will be seen that three performances of "The Crushed Tragedian"—one of them in a city 214 miles distant—were given by the same company in twenty-four hours. The novelty, made their metropolitan debut, and were fairly successful; they were first seen in a Spanish ballet divertissement, and later in the evening in quadruple songs-and-dances; their ages range from about seven to thirteen years. Tony Pastor sang three fresh songs, entitled "Up on Sixth Avenue," "The Boys on the Corner," and "Tom's Confession" (burlesque), all receiving cordial favor. Frank Mara made a hit in Irish character songs; his singing is good, and he manipulates his shillalah in a wonderful manner, while the dancing in which he indulges at intervals is nimble and agile. These comprised the new appearances. Other novelties were a new sketch called "Uncle Mutton," by Nelson Wheatcroft and Lillian Sisters, and in which they introduced a new song called "Once Upon a Time;" and the dramatic sketch of "The Slave's Dream," with Billy Barry and the principal members of the company in the cast.

THE ATTENDANCE continued large at the London Circus in the our last report. No change was made in the company, and the programme of the previous week was repeated, the order of the acts being changed. The dashing and fearless riding of Mme. Dockrill continued a very attractive feature. Matinees were given only on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

THE MOVEMENT is dependant upon the forthcoming election had a visible effect upon the attendance at all of our places of amusement last week.

TRAPEZE ACCIDENT.—Frank A. Gibbons, while performing upon the high trapeze at the Olympic Theatre, at the matinee Oct. 30, missed his footing and fell to the parquet, receiving injuries of so serious a nature that some weeks will probably elapse ere he can perform again.

A FATAL FALL.—Ellen Parent, who had accompanied her sister, a ballet-girl, to the Olympic Theatre on the night of Oct. 30, met with a serious accident. While her sister was on the stage Miss Parrent went up to the fly-gallery to get a glimpse of the performance, in attempting to cross the paint-gallery at the back of the stage she missstep and fell to the stage, a distance of nearly thirty feet, breaking her left arm and several ribs. She was removed to the Fifteenth Precinct Stationhouse, and thence to the New York Hospital, where she died Nov. 4. There was no one to blame save Miss Parrent, as she was violating one of the most strincent rules in force on the premises.

ROBERT DARTEN, stage-manager of Effie Johns' Dramatic Company, arrived Nov. 1 from Kingston, Jamaica, in the steamship Atlas. He informs us that, after the collapse of the above-named company, he and W. R. Sutherland joined H. W. Ellis' Opera-bouffe Company, and their season was suddenly brought to a close by the death of Mrs. Ellis by yellow-fever. Mr. Ellis was stricken with the same disease, and at the time of the sailing of the steamship it was uncertain whether he was still alive. Miss Florence Ellis (Sappho) was then in good health..... Miss Ada Isaacs is making a tour of the States.

CHAS. R. THORNE, JR., and Frank Roche, H. B. Bradley, Fanny Morgan, Maud Harrison, Ida Vernon, Mm, Ivan C. Michels, and others, left for San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 1. F. Chippendale and M. W. Leffingwell did not go.

W. R. SUTHERLAND arrived in the steamer Atlas from Kingston, Jamaica, Nov. 1. He was a member of the Effie Johns company.

TONY PASTOR will present his patrons this week with one of the strongest companies that have ever appeared in his theatre, and numbering thirty well-known performers, of whom nineteen will be fresh appearances, as follow: Watson and Ellis, Jennie Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, Annie Morgan, George Liable, the Fontainebleaus —Blanche, Leona and Ella—W. Henry Rice, Larry Tooley, Adams and Lee, the Suydam Brothers, Irwin Thomas, and John and Les Peasley.

MR. AND MRS. EUGENE TOMPKINS, of Boston, Mass., and Robert Fox of Philadelphia, Pa., were in town the past week.

MR. AND MRS. A. BLANDOWSKI, J. N. Navarro, Florence Barrett, Nellie Reeves, Alice Martin, Miss Roseri, L. Chaponze, Lottie Lapoint, Annie Daisey, Ira Paine and C. W. Ravel arrived from Havana, Cuba, in the steamship City of New York Oct. 31.

NO CHANGE occurred at the Grand Opera house last week, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" continuing the attraction.

AT EGYPTIAN HALL the new burlesque of "Our Pink Dominos" was to be produced on Nov. 5, when Mr. Thomas Adams, Dutch comedian, Conners and Kelly, Sadie Gomersel, Lillie Clemans, Eva Moore and Howard and Scott were to appear. The "lecture on lecturers" and "An Old Story Retold" The gentleman has been before the public about fifteen years, and is the second son of Tyrone Power who has visited this country professionally.....

A San Francisco paper accuses George Sherman of having kissed Alice Harrison. There was a time when gore would have followed such a kiss..... For a week past the burlesque of "Helen's Babies" at Bryant's Opera-house has been a feature of the season. It appears that a gentleman who is drama-ising the original story is of the opinion that he alone has a proprietary right to the title, so far as stage representation is concerned, and an injunction was talked of. Meantime it continues "Helen's Babies" at the San Francisco Minstrels, and all last week "Helen's Babies" (a different sketch) was given at the Volks' Garden. What will Dampier, who soon begins in San Francisco, call his "Helen's Babies," originally produced some months ago in Australia, and which is a drama-tization of Habberton's story?..... The wondrously popular London pantomime of "Puss in Boots" we directed attention about six weeks ago, has called forth its sequel: "Why Don't You Let Emma Alone?" Another new one is "Jonathan, Joseph, Jeremiah, or the Man that was Named After Everybody"..... In the arrestorous scene of "The Rising Star," at the Theatre Comique, Nov. 3, a basket of flowers from the St. Nicholas Hotel was presented to Roscoe De Aubray (Ed. Harrigan)..... It is not unlikely that in the course of the engagement, beginning Nov. 12 at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, in which Mary Anderson will make her metropolitan debut, George Vandenhoff will reappear upon the stage as her special support..... Miss Amy Sheridan, who recently met with an accident while bathing, has rewarded her preserver by giving him her hand in marriage. A diver wedded to a Lady Godiva..... Adelaide Neilson has been entrancing the Liverpudlians. In Pittsburg this word would be interpreted as stirrers-up of liver which proves the absurdity of not saying "the people of Liverpool" when they are meant..... Offenbach is also off his feet. He has the gout..... The Girard Bros., those high-kickers whom the far-seeing Tony Pastor has unearthed, are suspected of being circus-performers in disguise. The original high-kicking Girards are in London, Eng..... "A King's Amours" is the seductive title of "a fairy comedy" in preparation at the Columbia Opera-house, this city. It is to succeed "The Artful Duchess." Where have the staid Knickerbockers of the Ninth Ward gone?..... Miss Katharine Rogers has been "suffering from diphtheria," or a painfully sore throat—two widely different things..... Bijou Heron has almost resolved to go to her father, in London, Eng., after the close of her present engagement. .....Miss Agnes Ethel is reported as being in Paris, France..... Miss Beatrice Strafford has returned to Europe. The little difficulty she had at rehearsal with "King Lear" Barrett, at Booth's Theatre, this city, last Winter, seems to have crushed her histrionic spirit..... Mlle. Titiens left $150,000 to her sister, with the reversion to her two nieces, one of whom is married..... Miss Hattie Richardson, this city, is 21..... and took rooms at the Sturtevant House..... Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Farjeon, son-in-law and daughter of Joseph Jefferson, and announced as having come to this country with him, about two weeks ago, actually arrived at this port on Oct. 30, in the steamer Italy. Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Rowe were in the same steamer.

ITALIAN OPERA, after being laid hastily away by several unfortunate managers in the near past, has at last found a friendly hand to bring it once more to the surface and exhibit it, if not in as strong form as on some former occasions, at least with sufficient vitality to entitle it to the reward of a successful life, even if a brief one. Auber's "Masaniello, or the Dumb Girl of Portici," the work selected for introducing the newly organized Italian-opera troupe at Niblo's Garden, was given each evening of the past week, commencing Oct. 29. A serious opera in grand style, full of dramatic expression and affording a large scope for spectacular effect, it is one of the most acceptable works that could be offered when an attempt is made to popularize the higher form of operatic composition; and its combination of good music, ballet and spectacle makes it appreciated by those upon whom the strength of its musical score alone might go for naught. The management have done all that they could with the material at hand to make the production effective, and the principal artists engaged for the work was but fairly good musically, and at no time did it rise above a medium line of ability on the part of the singers in the leading roles. Yet, while it may not be heard at its best, it possesses many points of attractiveness in an excellent orchestra, ably directed by G. Carbone, a fairly effective chorus, and vocalists who, if not filling their parts entirely, are at the least acceptable. Signorita Buzetti, the prima-donna, possesses a pleasing, clear, soprano voice of good compass, and in her upper notes displays considerable power. Her action is somewhat stilted and amateurish, but the general impression of her interpretation of the role of Elvira is a pleasing one. Sig. Baccei as Masaniello and Sig. Susini as Pietro alternated with H. A. Bischoff and L. G. Gottschalk in these characters during the week, giving conscientious and careful performances, their ability as capable vocalists being well known here. Mlle. Remmelberg as Fenella was excellent, her graceful, expressive action conveying all the meaning that pantomime could give to the recital of the dumb girl's story. The ballet, although not strong, was well led by the clever and muscular premiere Mlle. Lupo, and Ballet-master Gavant. The management have done considerable for the piece in scenic effect, the market scene in the third act by Voegtlin, and the Bay of Naples and Mount Vesuvius by Heister in the fifth act, being notably fine. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius made a most striking picture, and warrants praise as a cleverly-worked effect. The general impression of the production is not an unsatisfactory one, although it would be more gratifying to have greater strength vocally. We trust that there will be a successful career for this operatic experiment, which is commendatory in this respect, that it will tend to familiarize the highly dramatic and melodious music of this famous French composer, and make known the higher forms of operatic composition to many who are strangers to that formerly expensive luxury here, grand opera. The same bill will form the attraction during this week.

AT THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE, the Hess Opera Company sang in "The Bohemian Girl" on Monday and Tuesday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Fra Diavolo" Wednesday and Thursday, and the "Chimes of Normandy" Friday and Saturday of the past week. "Fra Diavolo" was given for the first time by this organization, and Miss Melville made her first appearance in the role of Zerlina. Considering this fact, she did remarkably well, her performance being given with a graceful, expressive action and admirable vocal effect. The well-known representatives of Fra Diavolo, Dirolo, and Beppo, respectively Mrs. Seguin and Messrs. Peakes and Castle, were fully capable of making their parts effective, both by their acting and vocalizing, and the approval they drew forth by the development of these characters was well earned. Sig. Operti was decidedly uncertain in his direction of the orchestra on the night of first production, and the impression was conveyed that it had been insufficiently rehearsed and hastily put on. The troupe possess the material to give this work an effective recital, and will no doubt make it one of the successful features of their repertory after longer association. "The Chimes of Normandy" is the best-rendered of all the works they have essayed, seeming to fit admirably the capabilities of the various members of the company. Its tuneful, pretty melodies, never rising above the comprehension of a general audience, receive a most telling expression. "The Chimes of Normandy" will be repeated each evening of the present week, the last representation before the company, who open in Washington, D. C., 12.

AIMEE appeared in "La Bel

10, 1877.

THEATRE, Philadelphia
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AN THEATRE.
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Musical Director
ATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1877.
drinking allowed in the

'S ENTERTAINMENT.
MR. WM. HOWARD BENSON.
nd Night,"
in Brittner and Orchestra.
Versville of
EER'S HALL
.....W. H. Danvers
.....J. F. Raymond
.....Fulton Myers
.....Miss Bernard
.....Miss Polly Moore
.....Miss Ella Sheldon
.....Miss Nina Shirley
JENNIE LINDSAY.
SBACH in their comical

HE CRUSHED TRAGE-
.....J. B Jones
aladini, C. T. Dreisbach
ARRELL,

FIVE MINUTES
formed by.....T. S. Cox
mpanied by.....
nsational society sketch,
.....Ben Cotton

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SCOTT,
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PELLE
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formed by Mons Bellois

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ith the patriotic drama

.....J. H. Fitzpatrick
.....J. W. Danvers
.....W. T. Johnson
.....G. Marcellus
.....T. B. Graham
and Misses J. F. Raymond
es.....F. Myers
.....Ben Cotton
son; Children, Misses Mamie Morgan,
Jean, De Woolf; Marie, Blanche (the sisters), Miss Annie
Clarke, Miss Lizzie Harold; Mme. Fontenay, Mrs. E. L. Davenport; Mariamne, Miss Georgia Tyler; Juliette, Miss Lillian Brown; Chambermaid, Miss Ada Franks. "Cendrillon," a fairy spectacle, was acted at the New York Theatre, in this city, ages ago by said little fairy and company.—ED. CLIPPER.] The play was not a success, although every exertion was made by the management and actors to make it such. It was withdrawn after the matinee performance of Saturday evening. "The Lady of Lyons" received its first representation of the season—Mr. Barron and Miss Clarke as hero and heroine, and Mrs. E. L. Davenport as Madame Deschapelles. Nov. 5 & 7. "Ruy Blas" will be revived, 8 "Much Ado About Nothing," 9 and matinee 10 "School for Scandal," and night 10 "The Three Guardsmen." Augustin Daly's comedy of "Leonora" is announced for 12. Rice's "Evangeline" Combination will appear here during the Winter.....Parker Memorial Hall, or the Tremont Temple, Boston, is open. "Our Boys," the members of his family and his pupils in the different characters. The attendance was large, and continued till the evening of Nov. 1, when the season was terminated owing to the illness of Miss Clara Cowper. It is Mr. Cowper's intention to reopen within a fortnight, either with "Our Boys" or "The Wanderings of Ewe."

The funeral of the late George L. Fox took place Sunday, Oct. 28, from the residence of George C. Howard, Cambridge, Mass. The dramatic profession was largely represented. The body was inclosed in a casket covered with black broadcloth, and the display of flowers was profuse. The services were conducted by Rev. S. Kneeland, of Boston, and consisted of a few remarks and a prayer. There was no singing, and there were no pall-bearers. The remains were interred in Mount Auburn. More than 100 professionals, including Anna Granger Dow and her English opera company, have offered their services for a supplementary benefit to Mrs. Edwin Adams.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., under date of Oct. 28, our correspondent wrote as follows:

At the California Theatre Mrs. D. P. Bowers produced "Lady Audley's Secret" Oct. 21, 23, "East Lynne" 24, "The Hunchback" 25, "Much Ado About Nothing" 26, "The Stranger" and "The Jealous Wife" 27. The time has gone by for any comment on the abilities of this actress and on the plays in which she has long graced the stage; suffice it to say the same culture, splendid physical force, intelligence and excellent elocution she exhibited all her impersonations. Everything needful was done by the management in presenting the several plays. The scenery was fresh and handsome; the casts were strong, and the public bestowed its well-deserved approbation by the largeness of its presence and applause. The production of "Much Ado About Nothing" was the event of the week, and Benedick, in the person of Barton Hill, a feature of the production. "The Third Estate," 28, "Macbeth" to follow.....At the Grand Opera-house "Reporter," a so-called comedy drama in prologue and three acts by A. C. Gunter, a local writer, received its virgin representation Oct. 24. The plot is briefly outlined as follows: The scene of the prologue is laid in Northern France, where two young Americans, Tom Benham, reporter for *The New York Flash*, and Chancellor Herbert (the interviewer), are entrapped by Pourgon Smith, an impossible Englishman. In his wanderings through Europe Herbert has met and secretly married a young American lady, Ada Hartley, ignorant of them, but which is of such age as to make the contract legal. Eugene Le Font, a French rogue, has seen Ada, fallen in love with her, and forged certain papers in order to obtain money with which to follow her to America, where he is arrested and becomes a galley-slave at Toulon. On account of some service rendered Ada, Herbert aids La Font to escape, unfortunately for the latter's English friend to be arrested in La Font's place. In act 1 the scene is laid in New York, six months after the date of the prologue. La Font has become an aide-de-camp to Count de la Fouche, and has so connected Ada's name with his that on Herbert's return, when of age, to claim his wife, hearing of the marriage of Ada, is disgusted with things in general, disappears from home and friends. Act 2 is devoted to the efforts of Our Reporter, Benham, to expose the French Count in his true light. These are successful, and the villain is arrested. Act 3 opens at a station on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, Pa. La Font has become "French Jim," the captain of a band of tramps, and during the night has become the terror of the road. Tom Benham has come to the place as a member of the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers" in order to obtain evidence of the whereabouts of Harwell, the father and president of the road, and a party of lady friends, having been on a pleasure excursion, are detained at the station on account of the riots. They are all taken by "French Jim," who is about to revenge himself by a general slaughter for the wrongs he imagines society has done him, when they are rescued by the railroad men, headed by Benham, assisted by Herbert, who has been trying to forget his love by working as "Happy Harry," the driver of a locomotive. Explanations follow, and certain descents. Of these Judge Enright has said in its favor. It illustrates no distinctive character, points no appreciable moral, serves no instructive end, and is as full of humor as a last week's bank statement. The scenery was well produced with respect to scenery, and acted—about as well as it is actually possible to act such a play. Possessing much stuff—Mr. F. H. Thorpe, J. R. Grismer, Chas. Stanley, A. D. Billings, W. H. Whitecar, Mrs. Roberts, Jennie Murdoch and Elsie Moore. "Ultimo" was produced 29 with new scenery by Witham. The Kellogg-Cary Combination appear for one week. The 29 week at Ballwin's Theatre the Kellogg-Cary company appeared in "Ada," 22, 24, to brilliant houses. Miss Kellogg 26, presented for her benefit, second act of "Martha," the second, and third acts of "Faust," and the last act of "Hamlet," appearing as Ophelia. She was assisted by Annie Louise Cary, Miss Karl, G. Verdi, Gilsa, and the usual corps de ballet. The season concluded with "Mignon"—Kellogg, Dr. Muska and Cary in the leading roles. The company opened at Oakland and Sacramento next week, after which they return for one week, appearing at the Grand Opera house. Then they go to Salt Lake and the East. Ballwin's will be closed for one week. A dramatic season is announced to commence shortly with "Les Danicheffs," under the supervision of Willie Seymour. The following artists have been engaged: Chas. R. Thorne, Sr., Frank Roche, John W. Jennings, C. M. Collins, W. Ramsey, Fanny Morant, Ida Vernon, Maude Harrison, Helen Dixon, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. L. R. Seymour and Madame Michels. At the Bush-street Theatre, the second week of J. K. Emmet and the Lotta Crabtree Combination, Emmet continued still further to improve in the acting of the part, and business has not perceptibly diminished. The play is full of that kind of merit that draws. Mr. Emmet gives a complete minstrel performance in the concert scene. It is an excellent piece of entertainment. A neat bit of strong comedy is done by M. B. Curtis as Julius Snow, the servant. Harry Courtaine as Col. Crafton, Frank Roe as Geoffrey Griffin, and Annie Adams as Katrina are worthy of mention. The Kiraify Troupe appear Nov. 12 in Around the World in Eighty Days".....At the German Stadt Theatre to-night "The Devil's Daughter" and "The Wedding Tour" with Miss Le Rocckel, Mme. Genee and Max Freeman in the leading roles.

The performances at Emerson's Minstrels are uncommonly crisp and fresh, and are witnessed by large and enthusiastic audiences. Everything moves with briskness and sparkle. The present company is remarkably strong and versatile, and new faces are brought forward. No continued succession. Kelly and Ryan appeared Oct. 22 in their excellent sensational changes. At the Adelphi Theatre, Hart, A. W. Morton, Cecil Sharpe, Ogr and Marie Zoel are the chief attractions; business good.

Madame Ines Fabbri will celebrate the twenty-fifth year of her professional career on the 30th by a grand testimonial soirée at Piatt's Hall, Oct. 29, assisted by Ilma di Murska, August Sauret, John T. Hill, Carl Formes, Jacob Muzio, Lenore Simons and Kate Brand. No. William T. Porter, the talented scenic artist, takes a benefit at Baldwin's Theatre to-night, when "Under the Gaslight" will be acted by the leading cast of the city.....Mme. Modjeska is creating another great success in the interior towns. She opens at Sacramento 29, supported by Fred G. Maeder, J. M. Ward, and Orlando Daniels, company. She will appear at the California Theatre Nov. 12. Her manager, H. J. Sargent, states that he expects to be in New York with her early in December.

The Salsbury Bernard Opera Troupe are playing in Portland, Oregon, with reported success

CLARA MORRIS began an engagement of five nights and one matinee at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 29. The play, "Miss Multon," was one of the most produced here this season, and occupied the boards during her entire stay. The house was crowded to repletion during her entire sojourn. The support was excellent, chief among whom were Louis James, Geo. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lanagan, Annie Story, Mrs. Germon, and the Misses Bray. The children, Paul and Jane, were given very creditably by Lillie Lee and Helen Vincent, respectively "Married Life" was given Saturday night, the stock filling the roles. Miss Morris will rest the present week. Nov. 5, Lydia Thompson and company in "Robinson Crusoe."

JOSEPH MURPHY and a company appeared in Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 31, Nov. 1, Columbus, O., 2, 3, and are billed in Dayton 5, Fort Wayne, Ind., 6, Milwaukee, Wis., 7, 8, 9, 10, South Bend, Ind., 13, Logansport 13, Lafayette 14, Indianapolis 15, 16, 17, St. Louis, Mo., 19, two weeks, Cincinnati, O., Dec. 3, one week, Detroit, Mich., 10, one week, Cleveland, O., 17, one week, and Chicago, Ill., 24, two weeks.

HENRIETTA CHANFRAU and company played "Romeo and Juliet" in Grand Rapids, Mich., to a good house Nov. 1; thence to Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 2, 3, Madison 5, 6.

AMUSEMENTS IN CHICAGO, ILL., up to Nov. 3, are reported by our correspondent as follows: "At the Adelphi a good average attendance has prevailed. Dominick Murray has acted each evening in 'Escaped from Sing Sing.' The support and mountings were creditable. Mr. Murray goes to Montreal. Kate Fisher and horse open 5, in 'Mazeppa'.....At Hooley's the attendance has been large. Rice's Extravaganza Combination presented 'Evangeline,' and it has proved as charmingly attractive as ever. Miss Eliza Weatherby and the Messrs. N. C. Goodwin Jr., Harry Hunter, Harry Josephs, Chas. Rosine, and the rest have won well-merited applause. Next (this) week, for the first time in this city, their new extravaganza, 'Le Petit Corsair.'.....At McVicker's a fair business has been done. Albery's 'Pink Dominos' was presented, with rich and appropriate scenery and accessories and the following cast: Charles Greythorn, Joseph Wheelock: Sir Percy Wagstaff, G. F. Learock; Joseph Stubbs, Henry Pearson; Henry Geunian, Roland Reed; Brisket, A. Johnson; First Waiter at Cremorne, J. D. Clifton; Second Waiter at Cremorne, W. Richardson; Lady Maggie Wagstaff, Miss Laura Don; Sophie Greythorn (her first appearance), Miss Annie Graham; Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Clara Stoneall; Rebecca, Miss Alice Hastings; Miss Dorothy, Miss Agnes Elliott. The various characters were satisfactorily sustained. The piece will be continued another week.....At the New Chicago 'How Women Love'' was continued the first three evenings of the past week, and on Nov. 1 Bartley Campbell's new theatrical play of 'My Foolish Wife' received its first representation in this city, this also being the second theatre in this country at which it has been produced. THE CLIPPER has already given a synopsis of the piece. The characters were all admirably personated. The play will be acted another week.

JOHN BROUGHAM and accompany performed in Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 29, 30, Columbus, O., 31, Nov. 1, and are billed in Dayton 2, 3, Cleveland, O., 5, one week, Detroit, Mich., 12, for a like period.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH and a company are billed in Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 7, 8.

BREYER'S COMEDY COMPANY played in Deshler, O., Oct. 29, 30, 31 and Nov. 1, Columbus Grove 2, 3.

FROM NEW ORLEANS, LA., under date of Oct. 30, our correspondent wrote as follows: "At Bidwell's Academy of Music, Grover's 'Boarding-house' Combination remained the attraction from Oct. 21 to 26, when 'The Two Orphans' was brought out, and ft will in its turn be withdrawn after the matinee performance of 31. 'Our Boarding-house' will be repeated 31, Nov. 1, and the combination will produce M. Adolphe's comedy, entitled 'Jerse Naughty Model,' Nov. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Knight and the Worrell Sisters are to appear in 'Otto' 4.....The St. Charles Theatre has been completely and tastefully renovated under the direction of Robert Strong, the present manager. Outside a new balcony and front have been erected, the auditorium has been repainted and frescoed, the whole presenting a beautiful effect, and rendering it one of the most attractive theatres in the city. P. Gleason, familiarly known as Old P., again is seen in the Dutch line, although, through storm and sunshine, he has beamed on the patrons of the old St. Charles for considerably more than a quarter of a century. Callender's Georgia Minstrels completed a successful season Oct. 20, and the Berger Family inaugurated an engagement of two weeks 21, appearing before a large and select audience, which increased at their second performance. Their entertainment is refined and attractive, and sufficiently varied to suit all tastes. The family will sail at the close of their present engagement for Havana, Cuba.....The Varieties Theatre will open Nov. 4 with Kate Castleton in 'The Two Orphans.'.....St. Patrick's Hall, the largest in the city, has recently been altered to adapt it to theatrical representations, and will be opened 4 with Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels.

.....In Spite of the hard times the Lyceum will soon open for a season of German drama."

THE GOLDEN TROUPE performed in Beardstown, Ill., Oct. 29, 30, 31, Springfield Nov. 1, 2, 3, and exhibit in Jacksonville 5, 6. The company includes Martin Golden, Mrs. Della Golden, the Misses Rose Lougee, Kate Earle, Nettie Gracie, Etta Miller, Mrs. R. J. Miller, Harry Robinson, Lewis Pierce, J. Ray McCann, W. H. Riley, N. H. Jones, W. R. Foster, T. M. Smith, Clay Lambert, and W. M. Franklin. The orchestra is composed of Prof. L. J. Gibler and his six sons. J. E. Franklin is the general agent.

NUGENT & OBER'S COMEDY COMPANY are to play in Muncie, Ind., this week, and Newcastle next.

"THE BANKER'S SON" is the title of a sensational play advertised for sale by Chas. E. Helm.

KATE RAYMOND and D. Rollins, who are now playing in England, advertise that they will return to America shortly.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY were in Munroe, Mich., Oct. 29, 30, 31, Nov. 1.

HELENA MODJESKA acted under the management of J. M. Ward, in Virginia City, Nev., during the week ending Oct. 27.

MME. R. NEUVILLE advertises for sale the right to produce "That Hat," a translation of "Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," a five-act comedy by Messrs. Michaelli and Labiche. She also cautions all parties against infringing on her copyright.

FANNY B. PRICE is acting Myrrha with the "Sardanapalus" Combination.

CECILE RUSH, supported by James R. Waite's company, played in Upper Sandusky, O., Oct. 29, 30, Galion 31, Van Wert Saturday, Orrville 3, 4.

MILTON NOBLES and combination are to perform in Charleston, S. C., Nov. 5, 6, 7, Savannah, Ga., 8, 9, 10, Augusta 12, Columbia, S. C. (State Fair), 13, 14, 15, Macon, Ga., 17, Atlanta 19, 20, Montgomery, Ala., 21, Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., 25, to continue the week. Prof. Albert Webb, pianist, recently joined the company as musical director. Business, thus far, is reported as having been good.

ROBERT DARTON, character-comedian, just returned from Jamaica, W. I., advertises that he is open for engagements.

STARS and combinations are informed by Manager Stetson of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., that they can secure engagements there on liberal terms.

THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., can be engaged by combinations and stars with their companies by applying to Robt. Strong, as per card. The two weeks Dec. 17 to 24 are open.

MISS J. JOHNSON has organized a troupe to be known as "The Little Gracie Combination." It starts on the road with the following route: Edwardsville, Mo., Nov. 5, 6, Jersey ville 7, 8, Jacksonville 9, 10. They opened in Alton Ill., Oct. 22, in "Baby" to a large audience. The troupe is co mposed of the following: Ed. Brown, Ernest A. Booth, R. B. Jones, J. F. Kilborne, Herbert Jones, Chas. Lewis, Walter Butler, Mrs. Josie Brown, Mrs. Belle Granger, Miss Bella Clifford, Miss Gracie Johnson, and Louis Brockway; Miss Jeannie Porter and W. A. Chapman being old favorites, retained from last season's company. Major Tot and the "Bliss Exposé" were other features of attraction. The Frank Lane Dramatic Combination, with Nate Allen and Mr. I. B. Atwater, opening Nov. 5 in "Si Slocum."

AT THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, J. C. Williamson and Miss Maggie Moore commenced a week's engagement Oct. 29, appearing in "Struck Oil," which, on that date, received its first representation in this country. It was acted to excellent audiences. The support included H. A. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Smith, J. J. Sullivan, J. G. Peakes and W. S. Quigley. The piece was neatly mounted. The Aimee Troupe and Hess English opera troupe follow the Williamsons here.

T. GRAHAM left the Buffalo Bill Combination in Lynn, Mass., to open in Fox's Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE WATTY WALLACK COMBINATION is billed in West Point, Ga., Nov. 8, 9. Thence to La Grange, Griffin and Macon.

LAWRENCE BARRETT and company are to perform in Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 12, 13, 14, Canton, O., 15, Wooster 16, Youngstown 17, Indianapolis, Ind., 19, one week.

EDWARD COLEMAN obtained a writ of attachment against the late series of "Henry V," owned by George Rignold, while the latter was playing in Brooklyn last week. Mr. Coleman's claim amounted to $150, and he sets forth in his complaint that, having been engaged to support Rignold with the understanding that, if he was discharged, he should receive two weeks' salary in lieu of notice pay, he was summarily dismissed without either. Mr. Rignold, on the other hand, asserted that due notice had been given to Coleman that he would be discharged, and that he had voluntarily paid him $20 for which his (Rignold's) agent held the receipt. In spite of the attachment, Mr. Rignold's property was removed from Brooklyn at the close of his engagement at the Park Theatre.

JOHN DILLON and the Stoddart Comedy Company are to play in Houston, Texas, Nov. 5, 6, 7. The Fay-Templeton Combination played Nov. 2, 3.

BALLET LADIES who know how to dance can secure engagements by applying to Helene Menzell, as per card.

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Eliza Weathersby and N. C. Goodwin Jr., intelligence of which was first published in THE CLIPPER several months ago, is now admitted by numerous journals throughout the country, which at the time claimed to be better posted than ourselves, and denied it.

OWING TO THE CITY being crowded with strangers visiting the State fair, the several places of amusement in Richmond, Va., reaped a rich harvest the past week. At the Richmond Theatre Miss Fanny Louise Buckingham appeared six nights and a matinee in "Mazeppa" and "Dick Turpin." She closed 3, going to Pittsburg, Pa., and Cincinnati, O. The company supporting her returned to Baltimore.....The Assembly Hall has been leased for five years by the Mozart Association of this city, and has been altered and refitted. A new stage has been put in. It will henceforth be known as Mozart Hall, and Henry C. Wyatt will be the business-manager. Miss Laura Joyce and a comedy company appeared Oct. 29, 30, in "Caste," and 31 and Nov. 1 in "Pink Dominos." With one exception, the support was not particularly good, but gave satisfaction. In "Caste" Miss Joyce as Polly Eccles did some fine acting. The George D'Alroy of George Hoey was the best-played character in the piece. As the hall can be rented for only five nights and a matinee, the Association using the same Friday evenings for their entertainments, Miss Joyce and company closed Nov. 1.....At the Monticello Hall, Miss Sallie Partington and a dramatic company appeared the whole week in "The Old Southern Home" ("Uncle Tom's Cabin"), to fair business. Miss Partington did well, but the company fell far short in all respects. Letter of Nov. 3.

AT THE MEMPHIS (TENN.) THEATRE Miss Genevieve Rogers commenced an engagement of one week Oct. 20, appearing in "Bonga," which was repeated 30. "Maud Muller" was presented 31 and Nov. 1, and "Hester Grazebrook" 2. The inclemency of the weather has considerably interfered with the attendance. Manager John Rickaby has made business quite popular, and the season, although late, promises to be successful.

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JOHN DILLON and his wife, Louise, supported by the Stoddart Comedy Company, occupied the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, during the past week. They appeared in "Our Boys." The Perkyn Middlewick of John Dillon was an excellent piece of acting, and this being his first visit South, the verdict in his favor was highly satisfactory. Miss Louise Dillon is a bright, sparkling actress, gifted with a considerable share of beauty. She was very fascinating as Mary Melrose. Mrs. Stoddart made an amusing Slavey. Mrs. E. M. Poss as Aunt Carissa was satisfactory. Mr. Wesley Sissons' Talbot Champneys was a little overdone. G. W. Stoddart as Sir George, Miss Mary Taylor as Violet, and Harry Clifton as Charles Middlewick contributed to the success of the piece. Letter of Oct. 30.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON Burlesque Company occupied the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., during the past week, doing a splendid business. "Robinson Crusoe," "Oxygen," "Blue Beard," and "Heathen Chinee" were the burlesques presented. The company will occupy Baltimore, Md., 5 to 10, when "The Old Homestead" will be produced. Letter of Nov. 2.

AT FANNY MARSH'S THEATRE, Portland, Me., Frank Mayo and company appeared the past week in "Davy Crockett" and "The Streets of New York." Business fair. Route ahead: Lowell, Mass., 5, Lawrence 6, Salem 7, Taunton 8, Brockton 9, Fall River 10, Providence, R. I., 12, for one week.....The Boucicault Comedy Company in "Marriage" is to play here 16, 17.....Everett Troupe 19, one week.....Lizzie May Ulmer and company 26, one week.....At Music Hall, J. P. Addams, the Yankee comedian, is to appear Nov. 3, for one night. It will be his first appearance in this city for twenty years. He at one time was manager of the old Union-street Theatre, and Wyman's Athenæum was his stage-manager.....Buffalo Bill is billed for 5, 6, and to return 15.....Miss Fanny Marsh goes to the Howard, Boston, Nov. 5, to support Joseph Proctor. Letter of Nov. 3.

ROBERT MCWADE is to produce his new play, "The Fern," in Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 5, New Castle 6, Richmond 7, Indianapolis 8, 9, 10, Lafayette 12, Danville, Ill., 13, Champaign 14, Bloomington 15, Peoria 17, 18.

FUNERAL OF EDWIN ADAMS.—The Actors' Order of Friendship, the oldest society of actors in America, and of which the late Edwin Adams had been for many years a member, held a meeting Oct. 30, at their hall, No. 828 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, to make arrangements for attending the funeral, and also to adopt resolutions expressive of the respect in his memory and sympathy with his widow in her affliction. The following gentlemen were selected to act as pall-bearers: Messrs. E. A. Sothern, George W. Gile, Thomas A'Beckett, Stuart Robson, J. B. Roberts and F. F. Mackay. Ushers were also appointed for the church as follows: Harry Meredith, Jr., Pendleton, Isaac L. Street and Frank Stull. The following preamble and resolutions were then adopted:

Whereas, The Supreme Power in His wisdom has been pleased to take from our midst our much-loved associate Edwin Adams; and whereas his decease has bereft our Order of a tried and true brother, the public of a good man and a true artist, his loving wife of a kind protector and generous partner in the cares of life; therefore

Resolved, That the Actors' Order of Friendship, while recognizing the Omniscience and bowing to the will of God in all things, cannot but deeply feel and sincerely lament, in common with all lovers of genius and true manhood, the loss of our departed brother.

Resolved, That the Actors' Order of Friendship, desirous of expressing their love for their late brother, their esteem and appreciation of his many excellent qualities as a man, deceased, do hereby tender heartfelt condolence and a hope that the burden of sorrow may be lightened by the reflection that it is shared by many loving and admiring friends.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and presented to Mrs. Mary Adams, the sorrowing widow of our departed brother, as a substitute of our continued fraternal sympathy with her bereavement.

Resolved, That the Actors' Order of Friendship attend the funeral in a body, and wear for a period of thirty days the usual badge of mourning for a deceased brother.

The last sad scene in the closing act of Edwin Adams' life-drama was acted Thursday, Nov. 1, in the placing of the lamented actor's mortal remains in their final resting-place. Early in the day the friends of the dead actor commenced arriving at the residence of Mr. Dan Gardner, No. 1414 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, where lay the remains, which were laid out in a handsome rosewood coffin in the room in which he died. Around the room were placed the floral offerings of Mr. Adams' friends and admirers, including tributes from John T. Raymond, E. A. Sothern, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. and Mrs. Fannin, Daniel Gardner, Richard Hemmings, Actors' Order of Friendship, Chestnut street Theatre Company, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Philadelphia Lodge of Elks, Mrs. John Drew, James H. Meade, John E. McDonough, Mrs. Agnes Booth, Edwin Abbey, John McCullough, Charles R. Gardiner, Messrs. Goodwin and Cutter, and many others. Shortly before one o'clock the pallbearers above named (with the exception of Mr. Sothern, who was detained in New York by sickness, and whose place was taken by E. W. Tarr) appeared, and the funeral cortege proceeded to the St. James Episcopal Church, Walnut and Twenty-second streets, which was already packed to the outside door, except the small space reserved for the invited guests. The Rev. Dr. Rainsford, eldest daughter of William J. Lemoyne the actor, was married in Cambridge, Mass., on Nov. 1, to Dr. J. Macdonald of Colorado. An elegant reception was given at the residence of the bride's father, Geo. J. Jones, late treasurer of De Bar's, St. Louis, has a company on the road doing "Lemons" and "Our Boarding-house." It numbers twenty-four people, among whom are the proprietor's little son and daughter.....Wilkinson's company played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Music Hall, Springfield, Mass., Nov. 2.....The father of William Harris, who is supporting Maggie Mitchell, was killed by being run over by a railroad train week before last, in the upper part of this city.....Mlle. Farjeon intends to make a long stay in this country.....J. Cheever Goodwin of Boston has just been legally freed from the marriage bond.....W. H. Pope, the elocutionist is this week to act as prompter to Miss Blanche Meda in "Lady Blanche of Isle."—Horace King (pop.), formerly of Cincinnati, O., died recently of consumption in Martinsburg, W. Va., where for four years past he had been in the employ of a jeweler. He was once the husband of Alice Dingeburg, formerly a "star" actress.....James O'Neil arrived in Chicago on Oct. 31 as promised, to attend to that annoying case of his and the Cleveland Nettie's.....Mr. Bevine of the Kansas City (Pa.) Opera-house returned to that place with a disabling brick on Nov. 1.....Mrs. Alice Oates, while in Troy, N. Y., about ten days ago, was robbed of her gold watch and chain, a silver call-bell, and a few articles of wear-and-tear—all extracted, as is alleged, from a small hand-bag the lady had left in her dressing-room at the theatre.....It was Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ransone's little daughter Mamie Susan, aged nine years, who died in San Francisco, Oct. 24, of diphtheria.....John T. Ford arrived in Richmond, Va., Oct. 31.

MUSICAL.

GILMORE'S BAND and concert organization of New York will make a final tour of one hundred concerts in the United States, previous to their departure for Europe. Parties desiring to purchase concerts or share are referred to P. S. Gilmore's card, in which he requests managers to furnish him with a list of open dates, etc.

AN E-FLAT CORNET and violin player desires an engagement. See Musician's card.

"I'LL SEE THAT YOUR GRAVE IS KEPT GREEN," and "Leaving the Old Folks," two novelties in the line of song-and-chorus, can be obtained at White, Smith & Co.'s address.

A LIST OF THE LATEST ATTRACTIVE SONG issues can be found in Spear & Dehnhoff's card.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., during the past week Alice Oates and her comic-opera troupe, notwithstanding disagreeably rainy weather and increased prices, drew large and fashionable audiences. The operas given were "Giroflé-Girofla," "Madame Angot," "Princess de Trebisonde," and "The Sleeping Beauty." Nov. 5 Over Doud Byron commences a week's engagement, opening in "Ben McCullough;" he will be supported by the regular Opera-house company, who have just returned home after a month's tour through Western New York.

COLEMAN, LOUDON AND MCBILEE SINGERS are to show in Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 7, 8, Lock Haven 9, 10, Muncy 12, Milton 13, and Danville 14, 15.

A PIANIST, a banjo and guitar player, and a lady trapeze artist are wanted by Grayburn & Davenport, who advertise.

HARDING'S new songs are advertised in another column.

THE DIME BANJO MUSIC CO. announce that the several titles given in their card elsewhere are duly protected by law.

A. E. Voos, leader of orchestra and brass band, advertises for an engagement.

AT THE BOSTON THEATRE, the opera of "Fidelio" was given Oct. 29, 30 for the benefit of Charles R. Adams, "Trovatore" 31, and Nov. 1 "Faust," substituted for "The Flying Dutchman" (the serious hoarseness of Mr. Wiegand necessitating the change), Nov. 2, for the benefit of Mme. Pappenheim, "Lucrezia Borgia" and scenes from "Favorita;" matinee 3 "Trovatore." Miss Adelaide Phillips and Signor Tagliapietra were added to the company.

"THE CREATION" is to be given at Merchants' Exchange, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 8. Emma C. Thursby, H. A. Bischoff, and Frank Remmerz will assist.

C. MAUL and R. Rimmer, who play the cornet, second violin and alto, and trombone and clarionet advertise for engagements.

ALICE OATES' ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY is to perform in Erie, Pa., Nov. 12, Titusville 13, 14, Oil City 15, 16, Parker City 17, Millerstown 19, Petrolia 20, Franklin 21, Meadville 22, 23, Youngstown, O., 24, and Pittsburg, Pa., 27, for one week.

THEODORE THOMAS' ORCHESTRA will concertize in Washington, D. C., Nov. 6, 7.

GILMORE'S BAND is to concertize in Morristown, N. J., Nov. 19, Newark 20, Trenton 21, and Wilmington, Del., 22.

THE SPAULDINGS rang out their merry peals at Saco, Me., Nov. 2, Biddeford 3, and are billed in Rochester, N. H., North Berwick 6, Newmarket 7, Exeter 8, Merrimac 9 and Haverhill 10. Business is reported very large.

CHARLES MELVILLE has been engaged as advance-agent for Gilmore's Band.

PROF. E. H. JOHNSON of New York is to give a telephone concert at Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 5. New York and Brooklyn will be in the circuit, besides local places in Baltimore.

THE BERGER FAMILY Concert Troupe left New Orleans Nov. 2 for Havana, where they are to perform under the management of the Orrin Brothers, at the Lersundi Theatre, and at other places on the Island.

THE EMMA ABBOTT CONCERT TROUPE are to perform in Detroit, Mich., Nov. 5, Fort Wayne, Ind., 9.

BOSTON MUSICAL NOTES.—The first of the Bay State course of entertainments was given in Music Hall, Nov. 1, by Miss E. C. Thursby, the recently arrived Swedish Lady Quartet, and the Boston Philharmonic Club.....Ernst Perabo gave one of his last concerts at Wesleyan Hall in the afternoon of Nov. 2. The second will take place Nov. 9.....Miss Adelaide Randall, soprano; Jos. Maas, tenor; and Wm. Carleton, baritone, have been added to the Anna Granger Dow English-opera Company.....A musical soiree was given at the Church of the Advent, this city, Nov. 1, by Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, pianist, Adelaide Phillipps and Sig. Tagliapietra, vocalists.....Wm. H. Sherwood gives two soirees musicales at Union Hall Nov. 16 and 28. Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Lillian Bailey and Mr. George L. Osgood assist.....Handel and Haydn Society announce four oratorio performances at Music Hall, commencing Dec. 23, when Bach's Christmas Oratorio, parts 1 and 2. J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" and Saint-Saur's Christmas cantata, "Noel," will be sung for the first time. C. Thursby, Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Mr. Wm. J. Winch and Mr. A. E. Stoddard, baritone, of New York. Dec. 25: Handel's "Messiah" by Miss Thursby, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Joseph Maas and Myron W. Whitney. March 20: Mendelssohn's "St. Paul;" and April 21, Handel's "Creation."

A CONCERT was given at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, L. I., on the evening of Oct. 30, in which appeared James Harton, Henrietta Bebee, Mrs. Dora Gordon Steele,

RATES.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday morning. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877

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This new and beautiful hall is one of the finest and most complete opera-halls in the State; with twelve changes, including set pieces, border-light, foot-light; heated by steam; gas, water; stage, 30x40ft. Population of town, 4,800. Good show town for first-class entertainment of every description. Railroad centre. Orchestra, brass band. Billposter and license.
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Seating capacity, 500. Finest stage and stage scenery in Western Iowa. Ample dressing-room. Population, say 4,000. Terms reasonable. Address F. H. WHITNEY, President Bank of Atlantic. 13-26*

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